Week ending January 7 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

RAFFLES

A new story by BARRY PEROWNE

DIAMOND FEVER

William Fleming's search for riches in the jungle

HARRY HOPKINS reports on the startling changes INSIDE EGYPT

do you take cold...

or do you take **CROOKES!**

Just one capsule a day—Taken regularly, Crookes Halibut Oil will help you to resist colds and 'flu. It is rich in 'protective' Vitamin A and 'sunshine' Vitamin D. From chemists only, 25 for 2/6, 100 for 8/6.

CROOKES HALIBUT OIL

Backstage build-up. *Show business can be a tremendous strain. Especially when you've a family to care for as well—like Barbara Kelly. 'I like my Oxo after the show,' she says. 'It's the most cheering drink I know.'*

'After the show it's Oxo for me'

says Barbara Kelly

LIFE'S one long rush for Barbara Kelly. Theatre engagements. TV rehearsals. Radio appearances. 'They take it out of you, you know,' she says. 'Sometimes after a show I just feel like flopping. Then someone brings me a nice big steaming cup of Oxo and I feel better just looking at it. And it tastes marvellous! I use Oxo Cubes a lot when I'm cooking, too. Bernie says a beef steak pie is twice as tasty when there's Oxo in it.'

Beef pielets coming up! *'Lots of beefy steak—that's what you need on a cold winter's day. And these pielets are beefier, tastier, more savoury still with Oxo Cubes.'*

Any meal's much tastier with Oxo. It puts new life into left-overs. It's wonderful for soups and stews. For making lashings of beefy gravy. And for making a quick hot drink that puts new life into you whenever the strain begins to tell.

Wise housewives know this. They know that cooking—good cooking—is easy with Oxo. And they know they can't get anything, anywhere as good as Oxo at the price. Get some Oxo Cubes today—and see how easy it is to be a good cook!

BARBARA'S KITCHEN

Here is one of Barbara's favourite recipes. You can make it yourself quickly and easily with Oxo Cubes. Try it. You're sure to like it.

BEEF PIELETS For three you need:

½ lb. cold lean beef
1 lb. creamed potatoes
1 small onion
Grated nutmeg
2 Oxo Cubes
1 dessertsp. flour
1 tablesp. margarine or dripping
Salt and pepper

Crumble the Oxo Cubes and dissolve in a cupful of hot water. Mince onion and then the beef. Fry the onion in three-quarters of the fat until soft. Sprinkle in flour and cook until it froths. Gradually add Oxo stock and stir until boiling. Season and mix with the beef. Line 3 flat ovenproof dishes with some of the potato, well seasoned and flavoured with nutmeg. Fill centre with meat. Cover with remaining potato swirled to a peak. Brush with melted fat and brown quickly under the grill. Serve with tomato sauce.

OXO IS ALL GOODNESS

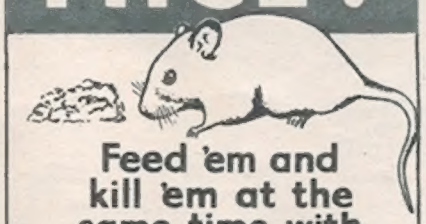
Every Oxo Cube contains hydrolised protein, beef stock, flour, yeast extract, caramel, salt, beef extract, beef fat, desiccated beef, spices and onion powder.

Oxo is all goodness. And unbeatable value. Just think—six beefy Cubes for only 7½d! Always have a good supply of Oxo in the house.

Oxo is on Commercial TV every week-end

makes meals meatier!

MICE?



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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

A jungle picnic for Norah Burke (right) and her brother

NORAH BURKE, author of "Night of the Tiger" (page 10), wrote her first story in an Indian jungle. Like many other first stories, it was never published. She was not quite twelve at the time and the typewriter she used belonged to her father, a Forest Officer.

"Every few days," she recalls, "we moved camp, travelling on elephants. Once, mine became trapped in a quicksand. The mahout kept his head, and guided the animal to safety. If he had panicked, we might have got trapped deeper, and then the elephant would have panicked too. Elephants trapped in quicksand may grasp whatever is near, to use as stepping stones. They might even grasp the people on their backs."

Today, at forty-eight, Norah Burke lives with her solicitor husband and two teenage sons in a thatched cottage in East Anglia. Her stories of Indian life are well known to JOHN BULL readers, and with one of them, "O My Brother," she won first prize in the 1954 *New York Herald Tribune* world short story contest. She shared top place with a Japanese author.

OUR staff-writer Harry Hopkins encountered no quicksands when he was getting material for his current series of articles on the Middle East. (The latest, on Egypt, appears on page 7.) His problems were dietetic. "It was a coffee-drinking marathon right round the Middle-Eastern Crescent from Greece to Libya. Interviews must be conducted with due regard for ritual, and the coffee boy crouches behind the door of every office, with his tray at the ready. Even when I had already consumed ten similar ritual cups that morning, it was impossible to refuse the eleventh.

"Over much of the area, the local fare has a strong family similarity. Either Kebab—meat roasted on a skewer over glowing charcoal—or meat, vegetables and potatoes stewed together in a large round tray. In the smaller places, the best method is to go boldly into the kitchen and point to what seems to be the least dubious mixture.

"Sweets—and I felt it my duty to try them all—really are sweet: various shapes of pastry soaking in syrup. In Turkey they reach such exotic heights as Bulbul Yuvasi (the nightingale's nest) and Kadin Gobeyi (lady's navel)."

With some relief, Hopkins found that Libya, which he will deal with in a later article, still retained the simplicities of Italian cooking: spaghetti, Parmesan cheese and ice-cream.

Read these pages from *Real Life* stories

THE proprietors of 'Ovaltine' are continually receiving unsolicited tributes to the properties of 'Ovaltine'. The three letters published here are recent examples of the many thousands of letters received from men and women in every walk of life.

THE CHILD

Four year old Marie Sealeaf—who was recently featured in the newspapers—has been crippled with polio for the last two years. Lately there was an interruption in her return to health.

Her Parents write:—

"She went off her food and would merely peck at the daintiest dishes. She failed to find healthy sleep, and would sit up in bed frequently every night—bewildered and crying! Nothing we could give her would do any good and we became alarmed because she was deteriorating in health. Finally, we turned to 'Ovaltine'. Would it bring her normal sleep? We wondered, but we tried it. She took it. She now sleeps peacefully, contented and rested after taking 'Ovaltine'. 'Ovaltine' has become her regular night-cap—as well as that of her seven little brothers and sisters, who, thanks to 'Ovaltine', all sleep peacefully and awaken each morning smiling happily and lively."

THE HOUSEWIFE

Mrs. H—— writes:—

"I hope you will excuse me writing to you, but I feel I must let you know how much 'Ovaltine' is appreciated everywhere. I recently had an operation in the local hospital and found that, when milk drinks were going, the biggest majority of people asked for 'Ovaltine'. I myself preferred it to any other drink, especially as a nightcap. I find it helps me to rest better at night, and have had it many years now. My four sisters all take 'Ovaltine' at night, also my married daughter and son-in-law and my son and daughter-in-law. We all say there isn't a better or more satisfying drink."

THE CONVALESCENT HUSBAND

Mrs. R—— writes:—

"I felt I must write to let you know what a wonderful benefit my husband has derived from 'Ovaltine'.

Unfortunately he had a serious accident. After spending a month in Hospital he came home. The nights were endless and he could not get any rest, when a friend recommended 'Ovaltine', and since taking this nightly has had perfect rest throughout the night, which in turn enables him to feel the benefit the following day, as he is still only able to move with the aid of crutches.

I cannot speak too highly of your beverage and shall certainly recommend it to all my friends."

Countless thousands of men, women and children, all over the world, drink delicious 'Ovaltine' regularly every day. You, too, will benefit from 'Ovaltine'. But remember, there is only *one* 'Ovaltine'. It stands in a class by itself.

Drink delicious

OVALTINE

The Vitamin-Fortified Food Beverage

1/6, 2/6 *and* 4/6 *per tin* P. 969A

A man's job!

After the first try you will be converted to Cussons.

Cussons

IMPERIAL LEATHER

Shaving Stick

In plastic case 2/-
In carton 1/3

Don't cough—you needn't if you suck a **Zube** and soothe the irritation. **Zubes** penetrate deep: get right to the seat of the cough. And **Zubes** are as pleasant tasting as sweets.

Get deep, quick acting **Zubes** in tins for 9½d. or 1/6d. and keep them handy always.

HOARSE? Go suck a ZUBE

ZUBES

Free Speech

- **Light the way to rail safety**
- **How a mouse lost its tail**
- **There's no monopoly in culture**

How much longer do our trains have to drive blind through the night, using feeble oil lamps instead of electric light?

All engines should carry non-dazzle floodlights to show the driver the way ahead, and the rear lamps also should be electric.

Signalling precautions fail at times, but drivers would still have a chance to avoid disasters if they could see ahead.—H. Hickson, Birkenhead.

"No satisfactory way of putting electric lamps on steam engines at a reasonable cost has been found," says British Railways. "The powerful searchlights used in America are not suited to the densely populated areas in Britain. They would shine into the windows of houses at bends, and be a nuisance generally. Rear lamps have got to be easily detachable."

Ejector Seat

A visitor from Canada deplores the habit of smoking in British cinemas ("Free Speech," December 10). I was in a Montreal cinema some years ago when my companion dropped his gloves beneath the seat in front. Without thinking, I lit a match and recovered the gloves. Promptly I was yanked from my seat and marched quickly out of the cinema. My excuses fell on deaf ears.—J. C. Clark, Solihull, Warwickshire.

War From Above

I was a pilot with number 194 Transport Squadron in Burma at the time of "The Siege." Towards the end of March, 1944, we were flying from the Arakan to Dimapur, and mine may have been one of the Dakotas in which the West Kents "sat and grumbled."

While the West Kents were fighting at Kohima, the transport squadrons were ferrying the second Chindit expedition to "Aberdeen" and "White City," behind the Jap lines. After the battle, Kohima from the air looked like an ugly red and black sore in the green of the apparently endless hills.

Sometimes, however, grey cloud covered the hills. I heard a pilot say, "I'm going down to have a look." Soon a pillar of black smoke rose above the cloud, for the treacherous slopes claimed more victims than did the Japanese. — E. Woodiwiss, D.F.C., 50 Oval Rd., Birmingham, 24.

Scared Mouse

My dog frightened a field mouse into a pond. The creature was swimming quite strongly when suddenly it turned and headed for the bank. It was being chased by two trout, and as it darted into the long grass I noticed that its tail had been severed. —F. Harper, Batheaston, Somerset.

"Trout eat minnows and small fish, can turn cannibal, and when hungry might attack mice, which can swim for a limited time," says a naturalist. "Pike, and not trout, are more likely to be found in ponds, however."

Feats Of Memory

In Kashmir I asked a teacher for permission to give six very small Kashmiri children a memory test. On a blackboard I wrote names of twelve vegetables, fruits and flowers. After two minutes I reversed the board, and the children remembered the entire list accurately. It is surprising that older English children fail the same test. — J. Prentice, Fareham, Hants.

"The difference is more likely one of age than of race," says a head teacher. "Young children with uncluttered minds often outdo their elders with simple feats of memory."

Form Filling

In order to make a withdrawal from a Post Office Savings Bank, it is necessary to hand over the savings book in exchange for a blank withdrawal form.

Last week, I joined a long queue for a blank form, and by the time I had filled it out the queue was ten

deep once again. In all, it took me twenty minutes to get my money.

This rigmarole wastes thousands of hours every week. Coupled with the eight-day delay in cashing cheques, and the £10 prompt withdrawal limit, it explains why Post Office saving is not as popular as it might be.—W. P., London, S.W.1.

"We try to give our counter clerks time to check savings books while customers fill in the forms," says the Post Office. "This reduces the risk of swindles, and avoids a wastage of forms. The delay in the cashing of cheques is inevitable, as we must clear the cheques with the banks. The £10 'ready money' limit is adequate, we feel."

Scattered Culture

It is nonsense to say that nine tenths of the culture of Britain is in London ("Free Speech," December 10). What about the Stratford Memorial Theatre, the Edinburgh Festival, the several provincial orchestras, the Eisteddfodau, and the famous paintings and sculptures scattered about the country? Our great cultural heritage also lies with the people, and in the country's abbeys, homes and castles. Why shouldn't London have more outward signs of culture? It remains the greatest city in the world, after all.—Miss E. M. T., Leicester.

Declining Bonnets

On a visit to Staithes, near Whitby, we were intrigued by the bonnets worn by the older women. They were a cross between an old-fashioned sun bonnet and a mob cap. —Miss J. Hupton, London, N.W.10.

Fifty years ago Staithes bonnets in blue print, with frills and with cotton wool, were worn by most of the women and girls in the village. Black bonnets were worn as a sign of deep mourning by close relatives of men who died in sea tragedies, and black bonnets with white spots by distant relatives. Today only a few older women keep the custom alive.

Part Approval

I agree that football clubs should pay the average travel costs in their division ("Free Speech," December 10). But any plan to split the country into soccer zones would stifle competition, make games monotonous and keep the fans at home.—K. Daniels, Wroxham, Norfolk.

Self Help

While staying with a friend in another town, I heard a greengrocer complain about the poor street cleaning facilities provided by his local council. The next day I saw him blithely sweep a pile of vegetable refuse into the gutter.

In Holland, houseproud wives can be seen scrubbing the pavement in front of their homes. How many English wives do this?

Councils are finding it increasingly difficult to recruit staff for public cleansing, and may have to pay more wages—which will send up the rates. Then, of course, we shall grumble. But are we prepared to help ourselves?—C. Snow, Norwich.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

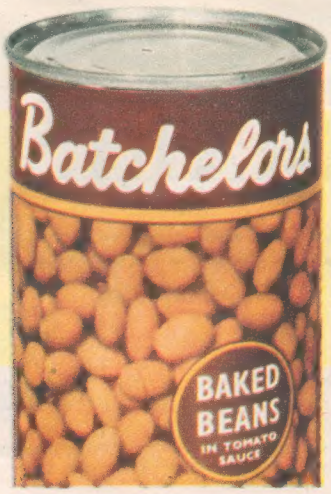
THE COVER

When there's snow on the ground, you can't trust a soul — well, not a young soul anyway. Youthful allegiances are quickly lost in the blizzard, and even the milkman, traditionally the friendliest of callers, finds his fair-weather friends armed to the teeth. All those rides on the milk float count for nothing when there's a ready-made arsenal behind every garden hedge. But carrying ice-cold bottles is hardship enough this weather. Let's hope Mother is behind Laurent's cover ambush with a hot cup of tea—and not too many frost-bitten empties.

It's wonderful
how good a boy will be
when you promise him

Batchelors Baked Beans

Try them – they're tastier!



Try Sausage Beano!

Add 1 rounded teaspoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vinegar and 1½ teaspoons of a worcester sauce to a *large* can of Batchelors Baked Beans. Heat thoroughly and serve with freshly cooked sausages on top.

BB25/66

Murraymints

the too-good-to-hurry mints

There is no way of doing justice in words to the pleasure of MURRAYMINTS. Do try them for yourself. You'll find them absolutely fascinating. They're hard, with a creamy smoothness, and they have a delicate hint of mint that's most refreshing. MURRAYMINTS last a wonderfully long time!

-with a delicious hint of mint!

BROKEN SKIN

—an open door for GERMS

Wherever there is broken skin, germs and dirt can cause inflammation. But soothing Germolene makes for quick, clean healing. A mother writes: "Like all children mine are continually falling and cutting themselves but . . . skin ailments soon disappear by using Germolene . . . most important it's a 'clean' heal . ." Keep Germolene handy in your home, always.

1/9 and 4/- everywhere.

STIMULATES NATURAL HEALING PROCESSES

Sore throat?

"I know better!" *says* JOAN REGAN

LOVELY Joan Regan does what many stars do. She keeps her throat free from infection with MAC Throat Sweets. She takes them always at the first suspicion of soreness. And often just as a wise and pleasant safeguard.

If you suffer from a sore throat, cough or catarrh, get a packet of these potent, palatable sweets. Get MAC Throat Sweets. They are so safe that children, too, can take them freely.

The medical reasons why MACs work

MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

MACs lubricate the throat and freshen the mouth because they contain camphor, pure sugar and tincture of Tolu.

MACs help to reduce swelling and irritation of the passages where catarrh lurks, because they contain Menthol : you inhale it as the sweet dissolves.

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ANTISEPTIC
THROAT SWEETS
1/7 A PACKET

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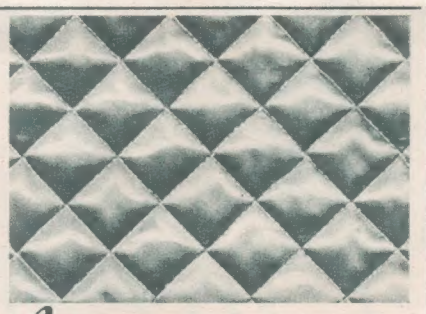

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makes a light coat into a great coat

Scientific luxury! See it in the leading raincoats and children's coats—many with linings detachable. But remember—NOT ALL quilted linings are Tropal—by far the warmest and lightest of any. So look for the Tropal or Tropaline label and be sure.

MORE ENERGY—Freshness for YOU!!...

It works well...works fast!

How many times a week do you feel jaded, off-colour, sour, frustrated? The roots of these minor nagging troubles lie in the stress of modern living. Today, we burn up energy-giving vitamins faster than we replace them. The answer may well lie in the vitamin-famed yeast as now compounded with medicinal water-soluble Chlorophyll-Chlorophyllins and other valuable health-helps in CHLORO-YEAST.

How the "SIX-IN-ONE" FORMULA works

Men and women of all ages have found new zest, new freshness via Chloro-Yeast. Its unique formula (genuine medicinal yeast and chlorophyllins, renowned tonics, analgesic "pain-killers" and a special "regulator").

1 Attacks the internal bacterial source of "staleness" and unpleasant body and breath odours. . . .
2 "Lifts" tired, depressed human systems to a new feeling of real zest and life. . . .
3 Combats backache, muscular pains, headache, neuralgia, "stomach nerves," lethargy, mental fatigue, clogged system, complexion-troubles. . . .
4 Benefits the nervous, tense victims of overwork, excessive smoking, worry, etc.

Remember chlorophyll's action is comparatively fleeting in the mouth. Chloro-Yeast's deep, internal attack on odours is essential for complete "social security." If you want to deal with body and breath troubles, if you want to feel better, with more active ENERGY, quickly try this unusual recuperator at once. Chemists supply Chloro-Yeast at 2/3, 3/9 and (economy size) 9/6. Get a fresh start with genuine Chloro-Yeast.

Chloro-Yeast

At sea or on land

IT'S TWICE THE LIFE

THERE'S SOMETHING about the Royal Marines that makes them 'a corps apart'. A *special* quality runs throughout — not only on ceremonial occasions but in all their varied duties: canoeing, manning amphibious craft, operating as frogmen or serving with Britain's only commando force—the Marine Commando Brigade.

The Royal Marines are proud men—proud of their corps and all its traditions—for it is this pride which makes them outstanding in everything they do.

They are now looking for keen young men between 17 and 28 (boy musicians 14-16) to lead the Marines of tomorrow. The travel, pay, leave and promotion make a life of great opportunity—with the finest companions in the world.

Come and join us in the

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Name .....

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CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

Ten young conspirators exiled a king—and found themselves with a nation on their hands. Out of revolution they have created a bustling new republic that leads the East and can sway the world

INSIDE EGYPT

by Harry Hopkins

Left: More rice is being grown in a nation-wide drive. The Egyptians claim: "We shall conquer the desert"

Above: Farouk's swimming pool is now open to the public. Tourists visit the ornate royal palace—at £1 a head

"NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR is your room, King Farouk's yacht, sir," announced the red tarbushed bearer. Picking up my bags from beside the reception desk, he led me out of the hotel again and across the street to where the Kassed Kheir, the gilded royal crest still emblazoned on her side, lay tied up in the Nile.

As I followed the ample, red-sashed, white-gowned figure along the yacht's deck, I noticed that a few of the cabin doors we passed still bore a discreet crown. But now, it seemed, the royal cabins had become "*appartements de luxe*," 750 piastres (nearly £8) a day on the hotel annexe tariff; and Cairo typists and office workers and students sat at the tables all around the decks, nibbling ice-cream and sipping coffee and lemonade, enjoying the fugitive cool airs that pass along the Nile. Behind the Kassed Kheir, cars and buses made a continuous streak of light as they streamed across the Khedive Ismail bridge. Beyond, the glow of neon in the sky signalled the presence of a great city.

It was less than three and a half years since that fateful night when the armoured cars and tanks of the Free Officers had rumbled through the streets of Cairo; yet somehow, here in Egypt, all that seemed already to belong to history. These young men and women, nibbling their ices on the royal yacht's decks and chatting the tropical night away, were children of the New Era. They took Republicanism as much for granted as the blazing world headlines which followed Egypt's break from the leading strings of the West to buy arms from the Russian bloc. To them it no doubt seemed merely a part of the natural order of things that Egypt would be the pace-setter for

One family owned a sixth of Egypt's farm land. The revolt and Law 178 changed all that. . . . Peasants tossed coins for shares of a royal estate

Since the Pharaohs, two men and a *tambour* have churned up enough water in a day to irrigate three acres. The new régime is spending money to speed the process—with artesian wells and motor pumps

Right: When the estates were shared out between peasants, Colonel Nasser presented some of the deeds. Egypt was a landlord's paradise: a man with two hundred acres could make £10,000 a year

the Arab world from Algiers to Damascus.

For this critical position in the modern world Egypt is indeed, it must be admitted, not without powerful qualifications. With two and a quarter million people, Cairo is the biggest city in the Middle East and the biggest in Africa. Today, as the great new ferro-concrete office and apartment blocks shoot higher and higher into the sky, it begins to look more and more like some oriental Chicago. With its big, smart departmental stores, its neon-wreathed cinemas, its well-dressed shop windows, its American-style cafeterias and soft drink counters, the broad white way of Fuad I Street and its offshoots have a sort of glitter and Westernized sophistication to be found nowhere else in the Middle East. Cairo, one feels, has arrived; by comparison, the other cities are parvenus.

FROM the days of Napoleon's invasion on, French, Belgian, Italian, Greek and British abilities and money have been finding outlets in Egypt. This is hardly a favourite train of thought with young Egyptian nationalists, but it did also mean that the Egyptians absorbed Western political ideas early. Today, the Egyptians have a highly developed press, radio and cinema. They have an educated middle class and an experienced body of educationists, statisticians, administrators, agriculturalists and irrigation engineers, many of them trained in Europe. They have, in fact, a good start over all other Arab states and even, in some respects, over Greece and Turkey.

Hitherto these advantages have been nullified by a corrupt and disastrous political system. If now the new Republican régime can succeed in harnessing the abilities and skills at its disposal to the nation's true needs, Egypt—in view of her history and geographical position—will inevitably become the mentor and exemplar of the Arab world and a power capable of playing a critical part in world politics.

Already there is a new Cairo. It is a cosmopolitan city still, but now it is more: a national capital in which it is possible to detect a sense of purpose. Streets and squares are being redesigned. Obstructing tramlines have been torn up and there is an excellent service of smart new buses. Miles of city pavements have been relaid with maroon-and-cream tiling which—though fashionable women complain that the quarter-inch points of their heels catch in the interstices—has given a face-lift to the city. A cleanliness law has been promulgated, making littering the streets a crime.

Of course, there is plenty of dirt and no lack of slums in Cairo still. But this newly confident city is a far cry from the hysterical mob-ruled Cairo of four years ago, drifting helplessly towards the final catastrophe of Black Saturday.

The transformation has been wrought by the energy and determination of Wing Commander Abdul Latif el Boghdady, Minister of Rural and Municipal Affairs, one of the ten young officers, aged mainly between thirty and forty, who led by thirty-eight year old Colonel Gamal Abdul Nasser today direct the destinies of Egypt.

There can have been few milder—almost apologetic—revolutions. The young conspirators' aim in overthrowing the monarchy went little beyond ridding their country of a corrupt and hopeless system which had too long condemned it to futility. Instead, almost by default, they found themselves charged with the running of Egypt.

Their experience was small. But they enlisted the available specialist brains and skills. They drew up a National Plan, and many smaller detailed plans. And they have gone some considerable way towards working them out. Even by those prosaic indices by which orthodox financiers are accustomed to judge, they have not done so badly, rescuing Egypt from a state of incipient bankruptcy.

WHAT has perhaps been most startling in the context of Egyptian politics, is that they have not appeared to want anything for themselves. They have banished the corruption so long the curse of Egyptian public life. There is a touch of Cromwellian austerity about them. Men of the lower middle classes, they have permitted high office to make no great changes in their way of life. Nasser, in a speech, quoted a saying of the Prophet: "Grant me, God to live humble, to die humble, and to be resurrected humble."

Already the revolution is building its legends; in Cairo, Farouk's Abdin Palace is fast qualifying as the Versailles of Egypt's *Ancien Régime* as a stream of Egyptians and foreign tourists are shown through the splendiferous apartments at £1 a head, and the appropriate morals pointed.

As the former royal palaces now symbolize the Bad Old Days, it is the land reform more than any other single thing which represents the Brave New Republican Era.

Farouk's Egypt was a landlord's paradise. One third of the country's severely limited area of arable land was held by one half per cent of its population. It is true that by European standards the estates were not large. But land in the Nile valley is rich deep silt. Irrigated all the year round, in the steady warmth of the Egyptian sun it can produce a fabulous succession of crops. A landowner with two hundred acres could make £10,000 a year.

With a nice appreciation of poetic justice, the

headquarters of the land reform administration has been located in a wing of the Abdin Palace. There, at six thirty one morning, in a room whose walls were surrounded by photographs of ecstatic peasants receiving their title-deeds, I made the acquaintance of Aziz Kadry, the young agriculturalist who was to show me one of the "reformed" areas in the Nile delta.

As our car drew clear at last of the suburbs and shanty towns of Cairo and sped on through the lush green of the delta country, Aziz Kadry elucidated Law No. 178 of September 9, 1952. Under this law, he explained, all estates over two hundred acres (plus an allowance of fifty acres apiece for each of a landlord's two sons) had been compulsorily taken over by the State against payment in government redeemable three per cent bonds. Now these "excess" lands were being made over and distributed to the former tenants or landless labourers in parcels of not less than two acres and not more than five.

Etay el-Baround, the estate for which we were bound, lies in the delta rather more than half-way between Cairo and Alexandria. Before the 1952 revolution, it was a royal estate. Between them, the hundred members of the Mohamed Ali family owned one-sixth of all the cultivated land of Egypt. It was this land that was the first to be taken over for redistribution—in this case in its entirety and, symbolically, *without* compensation.

We turned in at a pair of iron gates and drove through a well-kept garden, shaded by dwarf palms, up to the steps of a palatial mansion. In the days of its royal owners this had been modestly known as the Rest House; now it formed the offices of the agriculturalists and engineers in charge of the redistribution and reorganization of these 14,000 acres, spread over eleven villages and inhabited by 25,000 people.

High-backed, elaborately carved wooden chairs still stood around the rooms and corridors, but now the walls were covered with surveyors' maps, intricate networks of plots and irrigation channels and villages. The director explained how the families had been classified according to need. Coins were tossed for particular plots.

"Of course," said the director, "not everyone is satisfied at once. But if there are complaints, we look into them—and perhaps we make an adjustment. In the end it settles down. . . ."

We left the Rest House and went out into the fields. Great dust clouds billowed out behind the car as we jolted along the dirt roads. Under the fierce sun—the thermometer stood at one hundred degrees—lean, wiry, sun-darkened men were working steadily in the fields, *their* fields. With three crops a year, the men of the delta have little time for idleness.

YOUNG cotton plants, six or eight inches high, patterned the earth. At one side of the road a couple of men sat with the water up to their thighs on the edge of an irrigation canal, cranking away at the handle of a *tambour*, the long, narrow churn which, with a screw-like action, lifts the water out of one channel into a higher one to flow across the fields. A *tambour* can effectively irrigate three acres of land in a day's churning. It is a simple but effective device as old as the Pharaohs.

But now, only a hundred yards off, a diesel engine was chugging away as dark brown spurts of water came gushing from a newly drilled artesian well. Eighteen such wells were being sunk on the estate in order to turn about four thousand acres over to rice—in Egypt fast becoming a major cash crop like cotton.

"You see?" said a young agriculturist with quiet pride. "And in all the years they were here and with all the money they had the old landlords never thought of sinking wells."

We came to one of the villages. It had the usual slightly forlorn, rather formless look of Egyptian villages, a long, straggling street with the straw and hay and firewood piled on the roofs, an odd kerosene lamp on a post, the white minaret of the mosque away at the end. In a field opposite the end of the village street a peasant was threshing his wheat harvest. A golden wall of wheat encircled him like a fortification as he went round and round in the carved wooden threshing chair, flicking with a rope whip at his two buffaloes plodding in patient circles before him. Within the fortification, the ground was carpeted with chopped heads and stalks, cut up by the knives beneath the threshing chair, the *norag*. Soon it would be time to stop for winnowing.

When the farmer saw us he yelled at his buffaloes and climbed out of the threshing chair to address the director in a voluble flow of Arabic. I caught the word *roz* repeated a good many times.

"He's asking for rice," explained the director. "He wants to know when *he's* going to get the water for rice. I've told him not to worry, he'll get it all right. But he's very impatient. Everywhere I go they're all asking for rice."

The farmer watched us intently, searching for a clue. He was a tall, upstanding fellow, lithe and alert, with a face burned brick red by the sun. Through an interpreter, I was able to talk to him for a while. His name was Ahmed Shaban; he was married, with six small children.

As a tenant on the old estate, Ahmed Shaban had worked four acres, for which he paid a rent of £40 an acre. Now, after the redistribution

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NIGHT OF THE Tiger

They were lost now. Only this child could save her sister from the terror of the jungle

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

KUNTHI AND NARIA lived in a grass hut with a mud floor that had been built like a nest out of what lay to hand in the forest—bamboo and elephant grass and earth. It was one of a score of such houses that had grown up at the ford, and made the village of Kotgarh in the Himalayan foothills.

That morning, Naria came out of the hut carrying her baby sister on her hip, as Indian women have always carried babies. Naria was only about eight years old herself.

She was thin and small, bred from generations of child-mothers and poverty. Her mother and grandmother had both seen famine, and both had begun child-bearing at thirteen years old. But the little sister Kunthi was a fat laughing infant—a golden plum of a baby girl—because Naria loved her and gave her everything.

Early morning sunlight glittered upon the village, a cool and brilliant light, growing hot. Women shrilled. Pi-dogs yapped and scratched.

The lives of animals were threaded with those of the people. In the little river where they washed and drank, lived trout and *mahseer* and small greeny turtles with yellow spots. Sometimes a half-grown crocodile or two strayed up here from the big Kalanadi river down below, into which this stream emptied, together with all the rubbish of Kotgarh village, including the ashes of the dead.

And in the jungle that was banked up all round and behind the village lived animals of every kind, jackals and monkeys, bear and elephant, and deer much harried by poachers. Often at night the villagers heard panthers sawing, or tigers calling to each other across the wild dark hills.

Naria was barefoot, and wearing the only clothes she had got, a fawn sari and a fawn skirt. But she had two beautiful glass bangles, one of which had been painted gold and vermilion, the gold nearly rubbed away by now, and the other diamond white with a blue twist inside it. She wore both bracelets on one wrist, so as to hear them. She had long black hair reflecting the sunlight, and olive-brown nails.

The children had to work hard every day. All the rest of the family, thank goodness, were boys—only two daughters to disgrace their parents—and so there was a great deal for the women of the household to do. Even three-year-old Kunthi was expected to bring home sticks upon which to cook the evening meal.

On this particular morning these two babies were packed off to fetch the water, Naria with one of the big earthen vessels that weighed quite enough empty, and Kunthi with a little brass lotah of a suitable size for a baby girl.

They hadn't far to go, just down to the twinkle of the stream, where it was shallow.

The boys were already gone with the oxen and buffaloes to the grazing grounds. The animals could not go alone because this was tiger country.

Naria and Kunthi walked down to the ford. Accomplishing their task, and before returning to the many others which awaited them, they took a rest and a time doing nothing.

Kunthi paddled in the shallows where the singing sunny water pulled at your feet, and Naria went too, to see no harm befell her baby. She dipped her hand into the river, as she always did to feel the ripple, and to make the bangles sparkle. They came out blazing. She thought of other jewellery she had seen. Gold. Silver. Beads made of green looking-glass. A sari of purple gauze with a border of silver paper stuck on.

She leaned over the water to gaze at her reflection. There it quivered, among the stones and running glass. Farther down the river was a pool she had once seen and never forgotten because it was black and immaculate, a better mirror than anything here.

Leaving the vessels on the sand, Naria humped Kunthi on her hip and walked down the riverbed.

THE pool was farther than she remembered. They ought to have come to it by now. Perhaps round the next bend? Or the next? The river curved, but the expected pool did not appear. Maybe it had been up-stream, not down?

Just here a fireline met the river, and Naria saw that if she went up it she would get straight back to the village instead of winding about as the river did.

She left the river and walked up the fireline into the jungle. Kunthi was beginning to be heavy. They took a rest.

While she stood breathing, Naria noticed that the fireline ribboned away over the hills before her. She could see it for miles, and she did not recognize an inch of it.

The sun was now powerful, and the shortness

of her shadow told her that it was time for the midday meal.

But Naria did not feel hunger so much yet as fear of what their mother would say, screaming on and on about it. She jumped up and tried to get Kunthi to walk, but the going was too rough and prickly and the baby cried. Naria took her up again.

It was no use going on up the fireline, she could see that, and much too far to return the way they had come—they would not be home till night—so she struck out direct into the jungle towards the village.

It was a long way.

Before them, scrub jungle opened and opened, mile after mile of old grassland, knotted with undergrowth, dead and new, out of which wait-a-bit thorn tree stuck up, and *sal* and *semal* and bamboo, in all the scrambling confusion of nature. Everything was dry and sunny and brown. There was a sound of hot wind moving dry leaves, of seeds in a gourd. The wind carried news of yellow creepers in flower, and something dead.

Naria was used to the jungle. She did not think about it. She plodded on. But after a time, the shadows were long again, and then the child knew that they were lost.

Blindly she turned, to stumble back the way they had come, but now she did not know which way that was.

Kunthi began to whimper. "See," cried Naria quickly. "I will pick some berries for you."

She went to a small plum tree and gathered a handful of the wild fruit. She popped one of the pinky-yellow berries into Kunthi's little mouth, but the fruit was cruelly sour, the baby made a face and spat it out and cried.

Naria thought about something to drink. Then it occurred to her that if she could hear the river, she would know which way to go.

"Listen, Kunthi. Can you hear water?"

They listened. They could hear nothing. But suddenly the baby whispered, "*Hathi!*" And there were the big elephant tracks in the dust, where the wild herd had passed.

Naria picked up the child and followed the trail, because elephants like water and would lead them back.

"*Ssh!*" she whispered to the baby. "The elephants must not hear us."

Wild elephants almost always preferred to disappear at the approach of human beings, but she knew that there were exceptions.

The trail was easy to follow. Where there was no dust, and the land too hard and cracked to take prints, she could see broken grass and bamboo instead.

Then, ahead, they heard water and elephants. Not running water, but a mud pool in grassland, being slapped about.

Naria crept forward and parted the grass. There ahead of them lay a mud hole and five or six elephants. There was a big bull with them. He was enormous. Muddy water dripped like sparks from his magnificent tusks. At that moment in his sucking and spouting, he paused.

She froze with terror, but he relaxed. He drew up a trunkful of slush and blew it up over one dirty shoulder. Naria backed out, holding her bangles. When she was out of immediate earshot, she picked up Kunthi and ran.

"I want to go home," sobbed Kunthi, being bumped along.

Naria wanted to cry, too, but she would not frighten the child. "We shall be all right," she soothed the baby.

After a while she slowed down, and looked about her, but nothing was familiar. She could feel the bang of her heart.

The baby was quietly sobbing with hunger and Naria was scared as she had never been scared before. Not of the jungle, but of being lost.

Dusk fell swiftly. The first jackal called. His

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The tiger crouched low, his tail twitching, eyes burning. Slowly Naria began to let the sleeping baby slide to the ground

Fleming panning in the Guiana jungle. His largest diamond find was stolen from him—although it was almost worthless

Williams (right) refused to fly Fleming into the southern jungle. He said: "Guys are fetched out of there staring crazy"

DIAMOND FEVER · 2

My gamble starts a jungle Klondike

WILLIAM FLEMING makes his richest strike—followed by a rush of diggers all hell-bent for a rip-roaring bonanza

I RECKONED that the men who had stolen our gold would head for the Venezuelan border, less than fifty miles away. They had about two hours' start on us, so Jeff Chislett, my fellow prospector, and I took our boat and paddled after them. We had sluiced the gold at a hidden creek in the remote Barima River area of north-west British Guiana; it looked like being a better strike than most of the ones I had made since I had come to the country in search of a fortune, four years before.

I was only thirty, but I looked much older; those years of scouring the fever-haunted streams for gold and diamonds, struggling through the jungle and foiling claim-jumpers, had taken it out of me. Here on the Barima Jeff and I had found several pounds of gold. Then one morning we woke to discover that our four labourers had left us—and taken the gold with them.

We paddled our boat after them for about twenty miles up the river; then we came across one of our own craft at the foot of a high falls. Close by was an old Indian trail leading, I guessed, over the neighbouring escarpment. We

Above: A native woodskin canoe. Fleming found it a tricky craft to handle—and not insulated against electric eel shocks

Right: Fleming with a local prospector in an up-country bar. Diggers' celebrations are often orgies of rum-drinking rowdyism

went ashore and followed this for some time until we were brought up short by a uniformed patrol of five men in khaki drill. They were armed with revolvers and rifles. Behind them were three Indians. The leader of the party, a thin-faced officer with a trim moustache and gold teeth which showed even when he wasn't smiling, stepped forward. He looked like a general out of musical comedy, with his highly-decorated cap. Figuring that this was a Venezuelan military patrol, I put on a display of friendliness and asked if they had seen four men pass their way.

The officer promptly made it clear that he was not there to give information. He looked us up and down, checked that we were not carrying revolvers, and asked brusquely: "Where are you from?"

"We're prospectors," I said. "British."

He held out his right hand. "Licences?" He examined our documents closely, nodded his head sagely, saying, "British," and then grinned broadly. It was the signal for a gale of laughter from the others, including the Indians who obviously couldn't have seen the joke. For that matter, neither could Jeff and myself.

The officer became serious. "Your area of operation," he said, slapping the documents, "is not here."

Jeff flushed. "Of course it is. The licences are made out for the Barima River area, north-west territory."

"No! You are in the wrong place."

We tried to raise the question of the missing Venezuelans, and this time the officer put on an act of helpless bewilderment.

"Where are your workings?" he said finally. "I see no material."

He gave us no chance to reply. "I think you should not be up here," he said.

We were irritated, but unsure of our ground. It was plain that these boys knew all about our missing men; as likely as not they had been bribed. A rough-house was out of the question, and we didn't even know whether we had crossed the border into Venezuela. Resignedly, we turned back.

This brush with the military left us morose and crushed. There was no point in working out the pay, and we were both heartily sick of the north-west. We wasted no time at the shops on the way back, and when we reached Georgetown we had £17 between us. Jeff had taken all that he could of this uncertain game, and suggested that we should try to get jobs with the British-Brazilian Boundary Commission which was marking out the border between the colony and the South American republic. To me, it sounded like the negation of all that I had set out to do. The need to make a fortune quickly was still foremost in my mind.

I decided to go to look for diamonds again. Two more expeditions into the jungle left me financially little better off than before, and when I finally returned to Georgetown I was coming round to thinking that there was something to be said for Jeff's Boundary Commission idea: a few months as a civil servant with guaranteed pay might ease my nerves a bit. The succession of expeditions had drained some of my enthusiasm for adventure for its own sake.

A greying Royal Engineers major explained the task to me. It meant going into the Courantyne River area in the south to chart rough surveys and to clear the debris-laden creeks to enable supplies to be sent up by river for parties of Royal Engineers coming over the escarpment. The pay—three dollars, fifty cents a day—was then equal to fourteen shillings. It seemed all right. I was kitted out, handed a compass and a rangefinder. Then I set off for the Commission's base camp. My area was at the junction of the New and Courantyne Rivers and for the last part of the journey I was flown in by Art Williams. A beefy American with a leathery skin, he was a bush pilot well known in the colony. He operated a single-engined aircraft with the propeller behind its high wings.

As I settled into the routine of survey and creek-clearance, I could not help feeling that this district, totally uninhabited and untouched by prospectors, might well be the greatest Eldorado of all. At weekends I began going out on my own with my prospecting pan, looking for the signs which would mean diamonds.

One day when we had broken off work for a meal just inside a narrow creek, I was nosing round in the vicinity for carbons when I saw bunches of them gleaming in the gravel. Creeping along, I came on more—so many that I was convinced it was the most promising bit of ground I had yet found. There was no time to stay—we were already behind schedule and had to cover several more miles—and I memorized the spot in case I would have a chance to return.

I sent off a note by messenger to Jeff Chislett, who was on similar work to the south-east of my area. His reply was lighthearted and full of banter about what he called my "persistent optimism." Evidently, he no longer shared my concern for precious stones, for he wrote: "If there were diamonds lying on the ground, I wouldn't bend down to pick them up."

A few more days, and the survey job was running out: we were due to make for base camp for the last time. It occurred to me that I hadn't even marked the rich spot, and while I had a fair idea of its whereabouts, a long time might intervene before I had a chance to work it. I decided to break the journey, leaving my crew at the river junction while I returned to my find. I located it without difficulty, pocketed more of the carbons—the place was littered with them—and then cut a broad arrow in the bark of a nearby tree. A few yards away I cut a similar arrow. Between these broad arrows was a fortune for the digging.

Williams flew me out of the Courantyne country and back to Georgetown. Looking at the endless jungle below us I brooded about my find; there was only one way to get back to it—in Art's amphibian. Yet I hesitated to mention the matter. In the diamond territory of British Guiana, rumour and information travel fast; I had learned that from experience. As well as the trials of climate and predatory wildlife, the serious diamond-seeker is also up against the lazier specimens of his own kind—the claim-jumpers who wait for a digger to find a prosperous spot, and then pounce.

Below us, the river we were following streamed away like an endless tape. It looked friendly and harmless enough from this height; we had been flying for half an hour when I felt I could no longer hold back my news. I would be entirely dependent for transport on Williams, anyway.

"I've found diamonds down there, Art," I said. "Indications, anyway. Damn good ones, too—the best I've set eyes on." I expected him to show more interest, but his leathery face creased into a tolerant smile. He said: "You fellers can't forget 'em, can you? It's diamonds all the time. Can't figure why it gets you."

"Nobody's been down this way," I replied. "There would be a stampede if people had seen what I've seen."

Williams didn't appear to me to be taking the discovery half seriously enough. "Next dry

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Diplomat Backstage

by DAVID MILLWOOD

Minutes before the curtain rises at the opera, Nicole Grant is still soothing temperamental tantrums. She depends on tact, toughness—and anonymous bouquets

Soprano July Imai talks to Nicole Grant—the only woman opera manager in Britain. She earns £1,000 a year and ten per cent of the profits

Miss Grant buys flowers from John Briggs, a theatrical florist. Bouquets sent by "devoted admirers" work wonders with overwrought stars

AT TEN MINUTES past midnight one cold October morning in 1954, a young Scotswoman named Nicole Grant rushed out of an Aberdeen hotel with three cardboard cartons in her arms and jumped into a waiting taxi. Shortly before, she had been awakened by a phone call from an agitated Italian operatic producer. He told her that Pier Miranda Ferraro, who was due to sing the leading rôle of Manrico in *Il Trovatore* that evening, had caught a cold and lost his voice. If he could not sing, the performance would have to be cancelled and money refunded at the box office.

Miss Grant phoned a doctor friend who lives in Aberdeen, collected him by taxi from his home and took him, with the cardboard cartons, to Ferraro's hotel. The boxes contained three bottles of Guaiacalcium—a mixture of calcium, vitamin B, eucalyptus and herbs—which the company had brought from Italy for use in such emergencies.

Nicole translated the Italian directions on the cartons and the doctor gave Ferraro an injection. Then she went back to her hotel to snatch a few hours' sleep.

"The effect of the injection may have been purely psychological—but it worked. By midday, Ferraro's voice had returned. The doctor gave him another injection and a third in his dressing-room before he went on. His voice was still husky—but a husky Manrico was better than no Manrico at all."

A soft-spoken brunette in her early thirties, Jean Nicole Grant is Britain's only woman opera manager. She has a quiet but determined manner in moments of crisis and a reputation for getting her own way with temperamental singers. Her employer is Eugene Iskoldoff, a Russian-born impresario who brings Continental opera companies to this country.

NICOLE usually arrives at the theatre at least half an hour before a performance. One evening her taxi was delayed in a traffic jam. Arriving at the theatre ten minutes before the curtain was due to rise, she found the principal soprano locked in her dressing-room, shouting. The singer had found two photographs of the leading man outside the theatre and only one of herself. She refused to sing.

Miss Grant slipped a photograph under the door with a note. ("Luckily, a batch of stills had been taken the day before and I had the proofs with me.") The shouting stopped. The picture was slipped back under the door. Nicole inserted it in one of the showcases, took the soprano out to see it, then helped her to prepare for her entrance in Act One.

Male singers, says Miss Grant, can sometimes be just as awkward. One swollen-headed tenor, who always referred to himself in the third person, flew into a rage because a bouquet of flowers arrived for his leading lady. He threw it on the floor and stamped on it. Nicole replaced it with new flowers bought by herself.

A number of the bouquets that her stars receive are sent anonymously—and debited to her expense account. Finding an expensive bouquet of roses backstage one evening, she presumed that they were for the star soprano. Then a young—and lesser—singer mentioned "the lovely flowers my boy friend sent me." At once, Nicole left the theatre to buy another bouquet and avert an ugly situation.

For three-quarters of an hour, she toured the streets in a taxi. All the florists' shops were closed, and the only flowers that she was able to buy were a dozen chrysanthemums from a street-seller. The petals began to drop off as the singer took them back to her hotel. Crying with rage, she threw the whole bunch out of the taxi window.

The following night, she received a huge basket of mixed flowers from "a devoted admirer."

"An important part of my job," says Nicole, "is to praise, pamper and encourage the artists, and to prevent their jealousies and rivalries from affecting their performance."

BUT she can also be tough with them. Pleading illness, an internationally famous tenor with a notorious temperament announced one hour before a fully booked performance that he could not appear. Miss Grant did not believe him. Refusing to cancel the show, she took a doctor to his hotel. The doctor examined the tenor and passed him as fit.

"Rather than risk a legal action for breach of contract, he gave in."

At rehearsal a few days later, the temperamental tenor noticed a new face—the star of a rival company. "From then on," says Nicole, "he behaved himself. I had shown him that he was not indispensable."

Famous singers she has argued with include Tito Gobbi, Tagliavini, Margherita Carosio, Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth and Paolo Silveri.

Nicole's duties range from auditioning singers to eavesdropping on audiences—a singer who does not prove popular with British operagoers is not engaged again. Occasionally, she attends business conferences with Iskoldoff. In Rome once, during negotiations over a contract, Nicole caught his eye and whispered: "Nevozmojno"—the Russian for "impossible."

"While I had been talking," says Iskoldoff, "she had worked out that a clause in the contract would have meant a loss to me of two hundred and fifty pounds. I did not sign." In addition to Russian, Miss Grant speaks fluent French and Italian.

Iskoldoff brings up to four new Continental companies to Britain every year. He claims to be the only man in the country to make opera pay. His competitors—principally Sadler's Wells, Carl Rosa and Covent Garden—are all state-subsidized. Last year, they received more than £250,000.

Today, companies like Iskoldoff's play to full houses all over the country. The boom in opera which began after the war shows no signs of waning and, more recently, television has helped to popularize it.

Iskoldoff sends Miss Grant to the Continent every year to search for new talent, hold auditions and select repertoires. To celebrate the formation of a new company a few years ago, she took the principal singers to dinner at a restaurant in Milan. An argument developed

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

The Italian Opera Company has a backstage chat with Miss Grant. "An important part of my job," she says, "is to pamper, praise and encourage the artists"

between her two leading tenors during the meal and it threatened afterwards to become a fight in the street.

"I tried to intervene, but I got pushed off the pavement and sprained an ankle. The diversion prevented a brawl, but afterwards, I had to hold business talks in my bedroom."

The daughter of a Wishaw, Lanarkshire, grocer, Nicole is an accomplished pianist. At the age of eighteen she became the youngest L.R.A.M. in the country. For nine years she taught music in Scottish schools, but gave up teaching in 1950 to train as an accompanist in London. While studying at the Guildhall School of Music, she accompanied Kyra Vayne, a soprano under contract to Iskoldoff.

At rehearsal one day, Iskoldoff mentioned that he wanted some business letters translated into French. Nicole offered to do the job. In a few weeks she became his secretary, then his general manager. He now pays her £1,000 a year plus ten per cent of the profits.

Once she has chosen the repertoire and picked the principals, Miss Grant sends Iskoldoff a list giving their suitability for the leading rôles. When the Yugoslav State Opera and Ballet arrived for a season at the Stoll Theatre, London, last year, Nicole complained that the singers she had selected as principals had secondary rôles.

"The principals were all good singers but that, I discovered, was not their only qualification. They were also good Party members."

About six weeks before each company's arrival, Nicole returns to her London office to make arrangements with theatre managements to provide transport and accommodation for the artists and to organize advance publicity. The principals stay in hotels, the others in boarding houses. One landlady demanded extra payment for the "special Italian food" she provided—tinned spaghetti in tomato sauce. Her guests refused to eat it. They bought a spirit stove and cooked their own supper below the stage at the Stoll Theatre—until the management pointed out that fire regulations forbade it.

ITALIAN singers often step out of their stage rôles to acknowledge applause—to the surprise, sometimes, of British audiences. Once, Nicole forcibly prevented a tenor from taking a bow. It happened at Aberdeen in 1954, the night of Pier Miranda Ferraro's husky performance as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*.

In the Miserere duet in the last act, Manrico is in a prison cell, singing out of sight of the audience. Ferraro, exhausted by the exacting rôle, took a rest and another tenor, Fernando Bandera, sang for him from the wings.

The audience, hearing the new strong voice of Manrico, guessed what had happened. At the end of the song they clapped and cheered.

Bandera, who was not in costume, was about to step out from the wings on to the stage when Nicole grabbed his coat and pulled him back.

"He might have got away with it in Italy," she says, "but not in Aberdeen." THE END

Nicole sees off the Italian company. One English landlady wanted extra payment for "special Italian food"—tinned spaghetti

Coyotito opened the door, machete in hand. Father Keogh pushed the girl in. "Hide her until I return," he said

THE JUDAS FIGURES

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

FATHER KEOGH, priest of the little Mexican town of Quantana, was fighting a losing battle. The bandit, Vito Castillo, who ran the town, was too powerful to oppose alone—and Father Keogh was alone now.

His assistant, Father Lasques, had disappeared: he had left the bus on the way to Milpahuaca—so other passengers said—in the middle of the country called the Great Green Walk Of The Wandering Dead. Had he gone mad? Or had someone forced him to get off the bus?

Father Lasques had been taking for analysis a bottle of medicine made up for him by Anastacio Carillo, the chemist; the local police chief (the Jefe) suspected that Vito had forced the chemist to put poison in the medicine. Carillo had since committed suicide. . . .

Father Keogh was worried also by a personal problem. Locha, a young married woman, was in love with him. Her husband was wild with jealousy—and Locha, in turn, was jealous of Candalaria, Vito's girl friend, whom Father Keogh was trying to reform.

Vito heard about the chemist's death the morning after the priest's disappearance. "I need have done nothing myself last night," he told Pablo, one of his henchmen. As it was, he had held a dinner party—at which he was not present. The guests had been ordered—with threats of violence from Vito's gang—to swear that he was there. . . .

A search party went to look for the missing

Father Keogh was alarmed by the police chief's plan. The Jefe was determined to trap the bandits—even if it cost a young girl's life

priest. But, as the Jefe said, it was like looking for a pin in a maize field.

Weary and dispirited, the searchers returned to Quantana. Father Keogh felt sure now that his colleague was dead—and that Vito was responsible. . . .

PART FIVE

A Party At Father Keogh's

SOUNDS of revelry were coming from Father Keogh's house when he got back to Quantana, tired and depressed, from the search. He stood outside for several moments listening to the noise.

Chela's voice, odd and unfamiliar, cried out: "*Ola!* Señor Frankenson, there are many who would pay to have this little girl on their knees."

Father Keogh pushed open the door of his living-room and stood still. Sam Frankenson, the American barman at the Hotel de la Costa, held a chair in front of him. Chela lay stretched on the old horsehair sofa, wheezing with merriment. Candalaria, hair falling loose over polished shoulders, was stalking Sam.

It was Sam who saw Father Keogh first. "Bud! Bud, for Pete's sake! This kid has a skinful you could keep the bar open on for a week."

On Father Keogh's desk stood four bottles of *pulque*. He asked severely of Sam: "Have you been giving these women alcohol?"

Sam's wail of resentment pierced his head. "Me been giving them *pulque*? They've been giving me hell. I called for news of Father Lasques, and found them drowning their sorrows."

Candalaria crept after Sam again. "The poor Señor Frankenson. His voice is so big in the town about the women he has and the ones he will have—but look how he is when you try to go up to him; see how quickly he runs away then."

Father Keogh said: "Candalaria, behave yourself. And as you seem at least able to stand on your feet, kindly make Chela some coffee."

Candalaria dropped her pursuit of Sam and danced out of the room. Sam put down his chair. "*Gracias,* pal!" Then his voice dropped. "Did you locate him?"

Father Keogh shook his head. He stood over Chela, his hands on his hips. "Chela, where did you get that *pulque*?"

She whimpered softly: "Presents, Father."

"From whom?"

Sam picked up one of the bottles. "This is real *pulque* of Apan. Porfirio has a monopoly on that. Must have come from his bar."

"Chela," said Father Keogh, "no one from that place would make us a present."

Sam inquired: "How about little Miss Lightfingers? Isn't she *persona grata* up there?"

Father Keogh had no need to question Candalaria. When she came in with the coffee, the impertinence had gone. She cried inwardly, making no sound. Her lips and her shoulders and the coffee cup shook.

Father Keogh said: "Candalaria, did you steal or were you given that *pulque*? And those other anonymous 'presents,' the pumpkins, the meats, the vegetables—you stole them, didn't you, encouraged by Chela? That's why Chela was so alarmed by the Jefe when he came and looked into the cooking pots. You've been stealing from stalls in the market shops. Isn't that so?"

There was no expression on his face when her answer burst out. It neither confirmed nor denied his suggestion. She had something else to tell him.

"It was not my parents who sent me to see you, Father," she said tearfully. "It was Vito who made me come down to your house for the talks. It was when you went up to my mother and father and asked them to see to my soul. They told him about it and he made them send me down to you."

"Why did Vito think it a good idea for you to undergo a course of religious instruction?"

She put the back of her hand up to clear her eyes from the tears. "He has spies in the whole of Quantana, Father, but he had nobody right in the house of the priests."

He asked her gently: "Have you been spying on us, Candalaria?"

Candalaria nodded her head.

Chela rolled off the sofa shaking both fists. She scrambled forward to claw Candalaria's skirt. "*Burra! Burra!* May the Devil devour her! I will go to the witch—I'll burn herbs to destroy her."

Father Keogh bent down to hold back the old woman, but she fought him to free herself. "Father, I knew nothing of this, I will swear it. I am not a bad woman. I took what she stole for your sake, and to help build up poor Father Lasques."

Candalaria said tonelessly: "That is quite right. The Old One knows nothing. She talked foolishly sometimes because we were friends, but she did not know that I carried the tales."

"Did you make friends with her for that purpose, and was that Vito's idea as well?"

"Yes, Father. The stealings were all done to please him, so that he'd be my friend."

"And you passed on everything you heard about our movements?"

"Yes, Father. And then, when you and Father Lasques were out in the town or the church and the Old One was busy, I used to read letters and things you had written."

"And you told Vito everything?"

"Yes, Father."

"*Burra!*" Chela screeched at her. "*Burra!*"

"Oh, save your breath, Grandma!" Sam said.

CANDALARIA pulled on Father Keogh's sleeve. "But I did like the talkings, Father," she said. "And when they had been going on for a bit, I had nothing more to do with Vito."

Father Keogh looked steadily down at her. "You still see him at Porfirio's bar or the Hotel Martinez every night."

"Yes, but only because I'm afraid to stay back now."

"I thought you weren't frightened of Vito."

"I wasn't afraid when I let him make love to me. Then I could do what I liked with him. But now he is angry because I say 'No.'"

"Do you know what has happened to Father Lasques?"

She shook her head decisively. "No. If I did I would speak out at once. Vito has left off trusting me since you and Father Lasques have made me take away the love."

"Was it you who passed on the information that Father Lasques was taking his medicine to be analysed in Milpahuaca?"

"Yes, Father. I passed on things like that."

Father Keogh sighed and immediately changed the subject. "Well, what's left of that *pulque* must go back tonight."

Candalaria quickly stood up. "I could not do that, Father. Vito would never forgive me if he knew I had taken something from him to give to you."

"I haven't had it," Father Keogh pointed out. "You and Chela have."

Sam held up an empty bottle. "Yeah, and they didn't do too bad."

Chela moaned, holding her head. "It has set up the pains in me, Father. I shall die."

"Candalaria, if you won't take this *pulque* back, I must."

The girl twisted suddenly round and ran out of the house.

Father Keogh sighed again. "So much for the 'talkings,'" he said, and began to collect the bottles.

Sam tried to remonstrate with him. "Listen, you're crazy, Bud. You're going to stick your neck out. Did you forget Vito and his crowd may have murdered young Lasques?"

"All the more reason to give them back their *pulque*."

Sam was silent a moment, thoughtful. Then he gave his thigh a slap. "That's right, that's right! You have to set a good example around

Locha thrust out the paper towards him. "I want to go back to my husband now," she said fiercely. "This is how I found out"

Fastest Man Afloat

DONALD CAMPBELL's own story of his struggle to capture the world's water speed record **BEGINS SOON IN JOHN BULL**

these parts. C'm on, give me a couple of those bottles, I'll come along with you."

Father Keogh hesitated. "What are you up to, Sam?"

"Me? Why, what would I be up to? I just thought I'd come along."

Suspiciously, Father Keogh passed him two bottles. Sam said: "Wow! They broke into another."

"They've probably been at it most of the day."

It was dark in the street outside. Sam lagged behind frequently. Once, when he stopped, Father Keogh turned round.

"I just have to tie up my shoe-string," called Sam.

PABLO's guitar was playing in Porfirio's bar. It was empty except for the four men and Maria. Since the news that Father Lasques had not been found, nobody cared to come in. Vito and Porfirio were rolling dice. The Jeep sat perched on a stool, filing his bitten nails.

Father Keogh addressed Porfirio: "These bottles were found in my house. They appear to have come from this place. Two are full, one's empty, and the other's broken into, I'm afraid. If you'll tell me what I owe you, I'll pay you for what you've lost."

Vito collected the dice. He played with them, throwing them up in his hand. "And how did our *pulque* get into your house?"

"Candalaria," Maria supplied. She leaned plumply over the counter, a pleased smile breaking over her mouth.

"Well, well, well," said Vito, "what do you think of that? I have noticed your influence on her, Father. It's a fine thing when your best girl steals from you to give to another lover."

"A fine thing!" Porfirio said.

Father Keogh put his two full bottles on the counter. He turned to take the other two from Sam and took a startled step backwards. There was a change in Sam. His eyes were half closed and his lips hung loose. He tipped forward on the balls of his feet. His hat was worn rakishly and his tie was thrown over one shoulder.

Father Keogh went towards him. "Sam!" The bottles he took back were both empty. Someone had finished the other half.

Maria asked coldly of Vito: "What is 'best girl' about a slut who will rob you?"

"Only that she's young enough to be your daughter, Old Mother," Vito grinned. Then he said to Father Keogh: "You owe for *two* bottles of *pulque*."

Sam lurched towards him. "If I wasn't so scared of you, I'd knock your teeth down your throat for making that dirty crack at Bud." He reeled backwards and Father Keogh caught him. "Unfortunately, I'm scared." He rolled the words out, giggling. "Punk!" he said. "Punk!"

Vito, Porfirio, Pablo and the Jeep closed in on him. Father Keogh could hear the punches fall. He tried to break into the ring: it was Porfirio's fist that struck into his chest. It sent him giddily backwards against the counter. He brought glasses and bottles and cigar boxes down.

Sam yelped: "Bud, they're killing me. Call the police, call the police."

Father Keogh reached the door. His shouts brought Carranza, Beltran, the Corporal, and finally the Jefe. Vito broke away to greet the Jefe. He ordered: "Arrest these two men."

The Jefe helped Father Keogh up. "On what grounds?" he asked.

Porfirio waved his arms about. "What grounds? Take a look for yourself. They have come in here breaking the place up. This little gringo is drunk."

Sam emerged tattered and bruised from the circle. Father Keogh stared at him. Apart from the disorder of his clothes and a cut across his eye he looked normal, and sedately sober. "Drunk?" he inquired. "Who—me? I didn't have anything to drink since the Doomsday before last. These punks beat me up."

"This man is sober," the Jefe agreed.

"Arrest him," said Vito coldly. "He threatened me with violence."

"All I said was I was too scared to hit him. I wouldn't call that a violent threat."

Maria spoke with her eyes upon Vito. They were bright with a cold revenge. She had been savagely nursing his insult. "The slut Candalaria stole some bottles. The Father was giving them back. The gringo is right, he's had nothing to drink. It was Vito, Porfirio and the Jeep who broke the place up. They were punching the gringo's head."

The Jefe arrested the men. Father Keogh and Sam were released. Father Keogh said: "But, Sam, if you didn't drink that *pulque*, what did you do with it?"

Sam winked at him. "I tipped it out, tying my shoe. The next time you want an angel in a nativity play, Bud, remember that as an actor I have class."

The doctor soon heard of the fight. Under the hard lights of the Jefe's office he attended both Father Keogh and Sam. His voice was irritable when he examined the priest. "You're determined to induce a state of collapse. All you needed after today's exertions was to get yourself knocked about."

"He didn't pick the quarrel," Sam explained.

The Jefe was phrasing the charge. "Now, the Señor Frankenson will accuse the whole lot of assault."

Sam winked at Father Keogh. "Yeah! And I didn't cook that bit either. Those punks really beat me up."

The Jefe ignored him. "Their defence will be that a man aping drunkenness deliberately provoked them. They may get away with that with the magistrate. They will come up before him in three days' time."

"If Don Pedro has an ounce of sense, he'll give them a life sentence," said Sam.

"Unfortunately, he can't give a life sentence for an offence of this kind. If he could, he would. Don Pedro cares for them no more than the rest of us, but this offence will more likely result in a fine."

"Surely he'll be influenced by their past record," Father Keogh said.

"If they had a record we could prove, they would already be in jail."

"Yeah, but the magistrate knows it's vital to get them inside."

"He could give only a short sentence in a case like this, and when they came out they could gravely trouble his peace of mind. It is bound to be a fine."

Sam sighed. "If I'd known that, I'd have drunk that *pulque*."

"It's a great help," the Jefe told him, "to be able to extend the hospitality of the jail to them at all. I can detain them no longer than seventy-two hours before they are charged, but they won't be lonely during that time. Either myself, the *oficial* or the *sarjento* will keep them company. We shall grill them continually. Of course, we shan't put it like that. We shall merely be asking a number of questions to see if they can help us in the disappearance of Father Lasques. If we are lucky, we'll trip one of them up."

Sam shook Father Keogh's arm. "And you'd better go to it, Bud. We have only seventy-two hours. If you're going to convince this town that it doesn't have to be scared of Malo's spirit when the hyenas are safely locked up, you have to look snappy about it. You get up in that pulpit, and I'll scoot around the town. I'll get them into that church if I have to put a gun behind them."

Father Keogh took Sam's hand in both his own and shook it. "Gabriel himself couldn't get them into church, but if you could drive a few up to the *plaza* in the morning I'd be grateful."

He went quickly back to the house. "Chela, I want you to come up to the *plaza* tomorrow and bring all your friends. . . . What a shocking smell of soup!"

"Yes, well, it's lucky we have anything left, with you stopping Candalaria from bringing us manna from heaven," Chela said.

Then she added, with a hint of malevolence in her voice: "The Señora Dyke Brown is here for you, and she's been crying the whole of the time. It is a shame when you think how sad someone can make a poor married lady's heart." She padded off into the kitchen.

Father Keogh called softly after her: "Chela, I'm afraid I can't see her now. Tell her I——"

LOCHA came in before the sentence was finished. She was demure in a pale shantung suit. She was wearing a pair of sun glasses, so that the evidence of tears was not visible.

"At the risk of jeopardizing your reputation, Father, I felt I must see you before I go."

"You're leaving Quantana?"

"I'm going home with Dyke."

"Congratulations, Locha!" Father Keogh said. "I never really lost my faith with you. I knew you'd do the right thing."

"I am going," she told him quietly, "because I want to spare you a court case."

"Great heavens! I'd forgotten about it. The month he allowed me must be up."

Her prim composure left her. She snatched the sun glasses off her face. Her eyes were resentful and hurt. "*Forgotten* it?" she said.

He saw he had offended her deeply. Obviously she still thought of herself as his foremost concern. He felt that his best means of assisting her would be to disillusion her. "I've had rather a lot on my hands," he explained.

She was coldly tight-lipped when she

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Sunshine Courier

by DON EVERITT

With eleven headlamps blazing, Cyril Shuman braves Europe's icebound roads. He's plotting pleasure for the summertime coach tourists

Shuman (right) and his brother plan the next stage of a pathfinding trip. Last year, their firm's hundred coaches covered a million miles

THE MIST on the Austrian mountains slowed the car's speed and the November night began to close in long before Cyril Shuman and his companion reached the foot of the Arlberg Pass. Shuman, the managing director of a British firm operating Continental coach holidays, insisted on keeping to his schedule. His destination that night, a hotel, lay half-way up the pass.

As the car roared up the twisting, precipitous highway, it swerved over patches of corrugated ice and snow. The mist grew dense. Shuman, who equips his cars for such conditions, lit his path with eleven lights—two headlamps, two sidelights, two foglamps, two spotlights directed ahead, two on the cliff edge and another on the cliff wall towering above.

For more than five hours, Shuman held the car on a slithering course. Near to midnight, he reached the hotel. The flabbergasted owner said that he had seen no traffic for days.

Shuman had arranged to examine the hotel with a view to doing business. The hotelier offered him food and a bath, but Shuman said that he would make his inspection at once; he had to leave early in the morning. At 1 a.m., he made a deal to use the hotel as an overnight stop for his coaches the following summer. At seven in the morning, he was on the road again.

"Our planning trips through Europe in winter make the Monte Carlo Rally seem like a mild excursion," says Shuman. "We have to work fast. From the end of one season, in October, we have barely six weeks to plan the tours and prepare brochures for the next. In three weeks, I cover five to seven thousand miles, usually in the worst possible conditions."

Shuman is the sensitive, boyish-featured boss of a young British enterprise named Global Tours. Now in his mid-thirties, he started his business in 1946 when, to use his own words, the British coach touring industry lay stagnant. He has brought so much vigour to his business that today, he claims, it is the largest in its field.

The entire Continental holiday industry has grown rapidly since the war, with tens of thousands of average Britons travelling to holiday grounds which only the wealthy frequented before 1939. The vehicles which

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Coaches parked at a hotel on the Italian Sella Pass. Shuman calls even when hotels are officially isolated by the weather

RAFFLES and The Long Golfers

by ***BARRY PEROWNE***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

The boy must play to win, Raffles ordered, although the match was "fixed." An honest doublecross would stymie his opponents

IT WAS AN AFTERNOON of mellow sunshine. The train in which Raffles and I were bound for a weekend's golf was steaming into a station. Laying down the magazine in which a fellow-passenger, a photographic enthusiast, had been pointing out illustrations of various types of portable dark room, Raffles glanced from the window.

"Church Fedden, Bunny," he said to me. He returned the magazine to its owner. "Many thanks, sir. As you say, photography is yet in its infancy. I should like to hear more about it, but we get out here, I'm afraid."

We lifted down our portmanteaux from the racks, slung our golf-bags over our shoulders, and stepped from the train. As we walked along the platform of the little station, Raffles drew deep breaths of the pure country air.

"Ah, this is good, Bunny," he said. "A weekend's golf is just what we need."

"Unfortunately," I said, "others seem to have the same idea."

I was a tiro at golf, and nothing so put me off as a course infested by strangers to goggle askance at my toppings and slicings. So I was not best pleased to see that there had alighted here at least a dozen other betweeded males whose golf-bags proclaimed that their purpose was the same as our own.

Raffles chuckled. "Notice anything special about them, Bunny?"

I looked again at the golfers converging upon the exit. I saw that they were in pairs and that each pair was composed of a man in middle age and a boy of between fourteen and eighteen. "Why," I said, in surprise, "they all look like fathers and sons."

"Just so," Raffles said. "To tell you the truth, Bunny, I've been reticent with you. You must admit you were reluctant when I asked you to join me as a weekend guest at a rectory. You seemed to feel that a clergyman's home was no place for cracksmen like ourselves. So, knowing that you like a golf course practically to yourself, I thought I'd better not mention that there's a competition coming on here."

"Competition?" I felt an instant annoyance. "Confound you, Raffles——!"

"Now, don't go off the deep end, old boy," he said. "It's true that these people you see arriving will be practising on the course this weekend—they're obviously competitors—but the actual competition doesn't start till Tuesday. It's for pairs composed of father and son. It's roused a lot of interest because the trophy, never previously competed for, is a fine gold statuette called The Long Golfers.

"If you glance over there towards the downs, you'll see the two interesting figures of which the gold statuette is a miniature."

I followed his glance towards the rounded, grassy uplands—for some perverse reason usually known as downlands—not far off. I saw the golf course on the hillside and, higher up, reaching almost to the summit, two immense white silhouettes. Outlined by the cutting away of the turf from the chalk, they were the silhouettes of a pair of thin, elongated giants, facing each other, one taller than the other, each holding some kind of staff before him.

"The Long Men of Fedden," Raffles said. "One of the mysterious chalk-carvings, prehistoric enigmas, which are to be found here and there among these hills. Scholars argue over their origin and significance. It took a golfer, of course, to conceive the notion that the Long Men of Fedden obviously represent a prehistoric father instructing his son in the correct stance with some Stone Age prototype of baffy or cleek."

We moved on towards the exit.

"The Reverend Walter Matcham," Raffles said, "knew my people very well. He's an amateur archaeologist, also a very keen golfer. At a time when I was playing a lot of golf myself and had worked my handicap pretty well down to scratch, he asked me to take his boy Geoff in hand and coach him. Geoff was only about ten. He's eighteen, now, and at our old school, Bunny, on a scholarship. He leaves next term, I believe.

"Now, it appears that for some reason the Reverend Walter's dead set on himself and Geoff being the first to pip The Long Golfers trophy. But Geoff's game has gone all to pieces, and the Rector's at his wit's end about it. He's asked me down here because he seems to think that, as it was I who coached Geoff in the first place, I'm the best bet to pull his game together a bit for this competition.

"Heaven knows whether I can do any good, really. Still, I felt I had to come." He added, "There they are, now, by the exit—waiting for us."

I looked with interest at the gaunt, tanned, aquiline clergyman with his wiry white hair, his clerical collar and dusty boots, and at the tall, slim, good-looking youngster beside him.

"Raffles!" the Reverend Walter exclaimed. "Delighted, my dear fellow!" His dark, deep-set eyes turned to me. "And this is Mr. Manders? Charming of you to come. This is my son Geoff. Let us have your things. My daughter Judy—she is running the rectory for me since I became a widower, Raffles—is waiting outside for us."

The girl who sat in the dogcart outside, holding the reins of the sturdy cob, was a year or so older than Geoff. Her hair in the mellow sunshine had a gold-dust sheen. Her clear blue eyes and her smile were so warmly welcoming that, as we jolted off in the dogcart with Judy Matcham driving, I felt much reconciled to the coming weekend.

THE Rector and Raffles exchanged news of the years since they last had met, and I saw Judy smiling to herself as she listened—until Raffles brought up the subject of the approaching competition.

"I've been telling Bunny Manders about it, sir," he said. "The trophy sounds uncommon."

I saw Judy's smile fade, saw her glance up in a troubled way at the hill ahead—at the lonely white silhouettes, the Long Men of Fedden.

"Uncommon?" the Rector said. "Yes, indeed. It's presented by a man, a relative newcomer here, called Maurice Buckley. His son Edward is at school with Geoff.

"Buckley's house, Fedden Beeches, a considerable mansion he's built for himself, is in the beech spinney you can see up there near the golf course. Buckley's not a good influence here. I've had occasion to take serious issue with him from time to time. In consequence, he detests me. This has become particularly unfortunate because of a movement in which I am interested."

"A movement, sir?" Raffles said.

"A movement," said the Reverend Walter, "of responsible private citizens all over the country—among them many historians and archaeologists—concerned for the preservation of

"The trophy sounds uncommon," said Raffles, and I saw Judy's smile fade. Behind me, her father replied, "It's presented by a man who detests me"

England's cultural treasures. Our object, in fact, is the foundation of a National Trust.

"During the past three or four years, our movement has attained a measure of recognition, though we've not yet achieved what we hope for—an Act of Parliament. Now, you see those neolithic figures on the hill—the Long Men of Fedden?"

"Yes, indeed," Raffles said.

"As an amateur archaeologist and local standard-bearer of the movement," said the Reverend Walter, "it was myself, with spade and billhook and the occasional help of friends, who worked for many years in rain and shine to redeem the Long Men from total obliteration. In return, the late owner of the few otherwise worthless acres which bear the' Long Men promised to bequeath those acres to the movement. But on his unexpected demise, it was found he had had the lamentable carelessness to die intestate."

"What wretched luck for you!" Raffles said.

"All the more so," the Rector said grimly, "because Buckley promptly stepped in and bought those acres. His pretext was that they adjoined his own property. His real object was to score off me, and he most certainly did so. And he's rubbed it in too, Raffles, with this Father and Son golf trophy he's putting up.

"Last year, Geoff and I beat the Buckleys in the club foursomes. Buckley's a bad loser, one of the worst, and it's rankled with him. He'll never rest content till he's avenged that defeat.

"His trophy is a miniature of the Long Men, and he lusts for the satisfaction of beating me at golf for the miniature, just as he beat our movement financially for the original. In point of fact, on normal form the final probability would be between the Buckleys and ourselves. But because of the spirit behind the thing, I had resolved not to put Geoff's name and mine in for the competition.

"Then some weeks ago I was playing a round with Geoff, who was just back from school for the holidays. The Buckleys were in the clubhouse. Buckley senior began taunting me as to why I hadn't entered us for the competition.

"I ignored the man until he suddenly shouted, winking at his cronies and sycophants, that if we were to enter the competition and were to meet the Buckleys in the final, and defeat them, he'd deed the acres bearing the Long Men to the movement, the projected trust, gratis and for nothing."

There was a grey gleam in Raffles's eyes. This was after his own heart. "You took him up, sir?" he asked.

"I walked straight to the notice-board and wrote down our names on the competition list."

I saw Judy bite her lip.

"Geoff, I'm afraid," said the Rector, "knowing how important this competition is to me, has allowed over-anxiety to affect his game. He can't seem to do a thing right. We rely on you, Raffles, to bring him back to form. Don't we, Geoff?"

The boy nodded, tight-lipped. Not one word had he said. He looked pale, tense, wretched, although earlier he had seemed cheerful enough.

Raffles took a Sullivan thoughtfully from his cigarette-case as he glanced up at the last of the autumn sunshine lingering on the Long Men of Fedden, high on the down.

I HAD never known a more curious situation. At dinner that evening in the lamplit dining-room of the dilapidated but pleasant old rectory, we learned more of the Buckleys, father and son. In my room later, we talked over what we had learned.

"I don't like the sound of 'em at all, Bunny," Raffles said. "Buckley's obviously a show-off, trying to impress county society by getting a reputation as a big sporting man—hunting, golf, racehorses in training—and at the same time

Raffles watched as Judy stepped forward and touched her

posing as a connoisseur of the arts." He glanced at me keenly as, pausing in his pacing of the room, he puffed a cigarette alight over the lamp-chimney. "It was interesting, by the by," he said, "about Buckley's collection. He seems to have a lot of stuff, including, as prize exhibit, a Cellini statuette, a genuine Benvenuto, one of the famous golden unicorns."

"The Rector says the man's totally ignorant of his stuff artistically," I said. "He's only interested in market values and kudos."

"He knows enough about market values," Raffles said, "to have a room fixed up by Hargesson's, the safe and strongbox people, to house his collection. I know those Hargesson rooms. Impregnable."

He resumed his pacing. "A thing I can't make out about this golf competition," he said, "is why the Buckleys seem so confident. They've been beaten once in a foursome by the Rector and Geoff. Yet now Maurice Buckley's so cock-a-hoop that he's prepared to gamble those acres on the down. I've got a feeling there's something fishy somewhere.

"Well, in the morning we'll see what's the matter with Geoff's game. We're going up to the course early, before the mob staying at the Fedden Arms shows up."

No one but our small party was about when the five of us—for Judy came, too—arrived in the rectory dogcart at the clubhouse.

Raffles took on the Rector's and Geoff's best ball. I carried the Rector's bag and walked with Judy. It should have been pleasant, up here in the morning sunshine, but it was not, for Geoff Matcham's tension was a painful thing to see.

As his game went from bad to worse, I saw the Rector give him a sharp look or two. Geoff did not meet his father's eye. Tension between father and son grew steadily. I saw that Judy was becoming more and more worried and apprehensive.

It was on the eighth tee that Geoff hit at the ball as though he hated the sight of it.

"Geoff!" the Rector said harshly, then checked his irritation with a visible effort.

The boy turned sharply, and I feared some regrettable retort. But Judy moved forward quickly, put a hand on his arm. "Geoff!" she murmured, and there was warning, appeal, in her tone.

He swallowed hard. "Sorry, Father," he muttered. "It's just—I'm off my game."

Raffles turned to the Rector. "I don't think we're making much progress, sir," he said. "Suppose Geoff and I just sort of practise along alone for a few holes?"

"Very well," said the Reverend Walter; and off we went, he and Judy and myself, back to the dogcart, and left Raffles and Geoff to it.

When they returned to the rectory for lunch, it seemed to me that there was a distinct change in Geoff. He seemed less taut, seemed easier; but he kept glancing at Raffles with a queer kind of mingled hope and doubt. After lunch, I got Raffles alone, upstairs in my room, and asked him what had happened.

"Geoff has something on his mind, Bunny," he said. "I guessed it, and I forced the truth out of him. He's in a devil of a hole. He goes back to school next week for his last term. Now, here's the thing. If he and his father beat the Buckleys in this confounded competition, Geoff's no sooner going to get back to school than he finds himself on the headmaster's carpet—as a preliminary to being tossed out of school on his ear."

"But why," I said, "in heaven's name?"

Raffles paced the room.

"It seems," he said, "that there's some chap hangs out near the school who calls himself Major somebody. He goes racing a lot. On the quiet, he's been placing bets for some of the older chaps at the school. Now, the Rector's none too well off, and has to keep Geoff pretty tight as regards pocket money. Geoff needed a bit extra and he placed a bet with the major.

"Geoff's horse romped home—sheer manna for him. Instead of paying up, the dirty dog of a major handed Geoff his stake money back and said he got to the races too late to get the bet on."

"That's a thin story," I said.

"It's as old as the Turf," said Raffles. "A cynical lie, of course. He'd pocketed Geoff's winnings. Geoff told some of his friends about it. It turned out that the major had buncombed some of them in the same way. He thought they wouldn't dare do a thing about it, of course.

"But four of the hotheaded young fools—Geoff was one of 'em—got out of school one night and went to the major's house. With handkerchiefs tied over their faces, they intended to yank him out of bed—he's a bachelor, by the way—and chuck him in the duckpond.

"But they came a cropper. They found him waiting for 'em with a twelve-bore shotgun. He lined 'em up, yanked off their handkerchiefs, gave 'em a jawing, told 'em he'd decide in due course what action he'd take, and let 'em go. Now, Bunny, you know young Edward Buckley is at school with Geoff? Well, it appears that the major had been given the tip that those four young fools were coming for him. Who gave him the tip? Young Buckley!"

"No!" I said.

"Young Buckley," Raffles said grimly, "told Geoff so himself, since they've been back here for the holidays. Now then! Didn't we sense there was something fishy about this golf competition? Listen! It seems young Buckley had the major in his pocket, and that the major will go to the headmaster or not, as young Buckley decides. And young Buckley's price for keeping the major quiet? Just this—that Geoff takes good care that the Rector and he don't beat the Buckley's in the Father and Son competition."

I stared. "Geoff's *deliberately* to let his father down? That's monstrous."

Raffles nodded. "And Buckley senior unquestionably knows about it. Hence his putting up that acre or two for the pleasure of giving the Rector the hiding of a lifetime.

"Of course, Geoff's been out of his mind. So has Judy, to whom he's told the truth. With what's at stake—the Long Men up there—it'd be the bitterest kind of disappointment for the Rector to lose to the Buckleys. But it'd be just as bitter a disappointment to him if Geoff were kicked out of school.

"Geoff and Judy have talked it over and over, and just haven't known what to do. But Geoff knows now. I told him. I told him he's to play flat out to win—and you and I'll deal with the Buckleys."

"But what on earth," I demanded, "can we do?"

He took a Sullivan from his case. "Make a bargain with 'em."

"But we've nothing to bargain with," I said.

"We shall have," he said.

"But what?" I gasped.

"The Cellini Unicorn," said A. J. Raffles.

I could hardly believe my ears. "But you yourself," I said, "admitted that a room fixed up by the Hargesson safe people is virtually impregnable."

"As to that," Raffles said, "there are more ways of carrying a position than by a frontal assault. Presently, Bunny, I want you to make your excuses to Judy and the Rector and tell them you've forgotten a bit of urgent business and must go up to London this evening.

"Go to our old friend, Ivor Kern. Tell him

brother's arm. "Geoff!" she appealed. The boy calmed down, and muttered to the Rector, "Sorry, Father"

you want some letterheads printed in a hurry with the name of——" he chuckled suddenly—" 'P. D. Lowe, Photographer.' Ivor'll give you an accommodation address to use.

" On one of the letterheads, write to Maurice Buckley, Esquire, Fedden Beeches, Church Fedden. Explain that you've been commissioned, by a fine arts magazine shortly to start publication, to photograph pieces in well-known collections. Say you hope he'll grant you permission to photograph his Cellini Unicorn. Say you'll be in this district next Friday afternoon."

" Why Friday afternoon?" I demanded.

" Because," said Raffles, " if he's got into the final of the competition, he won't be home. He'll be playing. So say that, if the photograph is to appear in the magazine, it's essential the work be done on Friday. Buckley's a show-off. He won't want to miss a chance of publicity.

" Now then, having sent off the letter, return here. Tell Ivor to collect Buckley's reply and, if it's as we hope, to come down here, bringing with him a camera and a portable dark room."

" A what?" I exclaimed.

" Now, don't tell me," Raffles said, " that you weren't listening to that photographer chap in the train. I had a feeling even then that something to our advantage might be done with a portable dark room. Tell Ivor he's to put up at the next village, send me word here that he's arrived, and I'll then send him further instructions.

" Meantime, I'll tell the Rector, who wants us to stay on and see the competition, that we'll be delighted to do so. It's the simple truth, for I've a feeling we're going to have fun. . . ."

THE autumnal weather remained perfect, a real Indian summer. And on the Tuesday, two days after my return from London, the Father and Son golf competition teed off.

It attracted many spectators. The Buckleys, especially, had quite a gallery of hangers-on trailing them on their rounds. I did not get a close look at the Buckleys, as Raffles warned me that they must not see either myself or him. I saw them from a distance, though. The father was a big, red-faced man with an air of boisterous but unconvincing geniality. The son was a suave youth with a slight, superior smile.

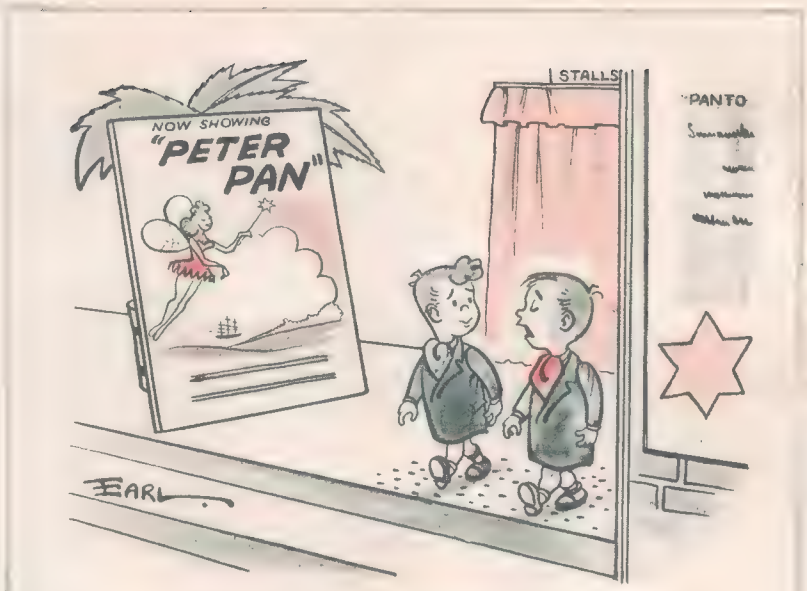
When there was no danger of running into the Buckleys, Raffles and I caddied for the Rector and Geoff. Geoff was coming right back on to his game. The Rector was sure and steady. They looked a certainty for the final. And so it proved. Inevitably, it was between the Reverend Walter Matcham and his son Geoff, and Maurice Buckley, Esq., and his son Edward.

On the afternoon of the great day, I was myself—on Raffles's instructions—elsewhere. I met Ivor Kern in a disused chalk-pit not far from the Buckley house. Kern, a tall, pale man in frock-coat and silk hat, was waiting in the chalk-pit with a large camera on a tripod, and a curious pushcart rather like a milkman's trolley, with two large wheels, a small one in front, and a hood of thick black cloth.

This was the portable dark room. In the hood were the orifices of a kind of pair of sleeves, tight-fitting, through which the photographer could thrust his arms in order to dabble about in his trays of developing-fluid under the hood. However, what Kern took from under the hood was a suit of black clothes, and various bits and pieces—including a pair of gold-rimmed glasses—designed to enable me radically to change my appearance.

With Kern's artful aid, I was soon another man. Leaving my tweeds with him, I set off, carrying the camera and tripod over my shoulder and wheeling the pushcart—with its hood or superstructure wobbling a good deal—up the sunken, rutted chalk lane which led to the Buckley house, Fedden Beeches.

It proved to be a new and pretentious mansion in execrable taste. Leaving my pushcart standing enigmatically at the foot of the steps, I



"Of course, the book spoiled it for me"

mounted them and pulled the bell. The door was opened by a portly butler, who looked down his nose at the card I handed him.

" Ah, yes, Mr. Lowe," he said. " I 'ave instructions about you. This way."

" I should appreciate a hand up the steps," I said, " with my portable dark room."

He called a footman named Harrison, who helped me lift my curious appurtenance up the steps. Following the butler, I trundled my vehicle across a great hall to a doorway concealed by a *portière* curtain.

Sweeping aside the curtain, the butler disclosed a door like that of a bank vault. Wheezing importance and a bouquet of port wine, the butler manipulated a combination, inserted a key in the lock and turned it, depressed a lever, drew the massive door slowly open. Going ahead of me into darkness, he clanged open a pair of steel shutters. From a mullioned window, the mellow autumn sunshine flooded the room.

The Cellini Unicorn, a beautiful work of the master goldsmith, occupied a place of honour on a pedestal in the centre of the room. I set up my cumbersome camera on its tripod, drew my wheeled dark room to a strategic position.

The butler and footman, who had taken up places before the door and window, watched in fascination, being no doubt as abysmally ignorant of photography as I was myself. I buried myself under the cloth covering the camera, crouched there mysteriously for a while, backed out, looked at the unicorn with my head on one side, and squeezed the bulb of the camera.

" And now," I said to the butler, " I'll trouble you to close the door and shutters. No light must reach the plate as I transfer it from the camera to the portable dark room here."

Door and window-shutters were closed accordingly. The room was now pitch black. I could hear the vinous wheezing of the butler. As instructed by Raffles, I did not lay a finger on the Cellini. I merely made small, enigmatic sounds with my feet.

" Right," I said crisply, after a while. " We can have some light on the scene, now."

The tall metal shutters clanged as the butler reopened them. Light flowed into the room, to disclose me standing with my arms thrust through the " sleeves " of the pushcart hood. The butler glanced at the unicorn, which naturally was intact on its pedestal. I withdrew my arms from the dark room, fastened my cuff-links.

" Thank you," I said. " I have a good picture, I think."

With my paraphernalia, I hurried back to the chalk-pit. Ivor Kern took charge of the stuff while I dressed again in my own tweeds and resumed my normal appearance.

Leaving Ivor, I made for the golf course at the double, to find Raffles awaiting me as arranged, by a gorse clump near the seventeenth tee. The players actually were playing the green of the same hole.

Raffles gave me a quick, inquiring look. " All well," I told him, " though how it advances us, I don't pretend to know. How does the game stand?"

" It's been ding-dong all the way," Raffles said. " The Rector and Geoff were one down off this tee, but Buckley senior fluffed his drive. Our side should go to the eighteenth all square. I see the players are moving off the green. If we keep well to the back of the gallery, we can safely watch them play this last hole."

We made our way quickly to the eighteenth tee, where, ringed in by spectators, the players were preparing to drive.

" The Rector's honour, I see," Raffles murmured. " That means we're all square."

The Rector, gaunt, aquiline, bare-headed, his wiry hair white-grey, his lips determinedly set, addressed his ball. The spectators were motionless. The only sound was the hoarse note of cock pheasant from the Buckley beech

THE ENGLISH—1

An Englishman is conceited on the ground of being a citizen of the best-constituted state in the world, and also because he as an Englishman always knows what is the correct thing to do, and knows that everything that he, as an Englishman, does do is indisputably the best thing.

Count Tolstoy (Russian)

spinney. Sheep cropping high up round the edges of the giant silhouettes, the Long Men of Fedden, looked like white boulders slowly moving. Never had I known a scene more English.

Crack! went the Rector's clubhead, and the ball shot away, arching, far and straight, to roll to a standstill, a white dot on the turf, two hundred yards up the fairway.

" Tie that, young Buckley," I heard Raffles mutter.

Edward Buckley not only tied it. His ball went thirty yards beyond the Rector's. My throat felt dry. As we all surged forward up the fairway, I caught a glimpse of Judy. She was carrying her father's bag. Her hair fluttered in the breeze. She looked pale and proud, and she linked her free arm in her brother's as they walked.

It now was up to Geoff to make good the Rector's drive. Geoff studied the lie of the ball, studied the distance to the green where the pin-flag fluttered.

He took his cleek from his bag. He was as white as a sheet. It was his last chance to throw away this game, and he knew it; and he glanced at young Buckley. I could see the warning in young Buckley's thin, acid smile.

Geoff's glance moved on round the gallery—and for an instant met Raffles's eyes. Raffles nodded once, reassuringly. My heart thumped. Geoff stepped up to his ball, hit it crisp and clean, and the ball rolled to a standstill two feet from the cup.

There was a gasp from the gallery. Young Buckley whitened. Old Buckley reddened—with anger. He stepped up to his own ball and hit it such a welt that it ran up the bank at the back of the green and popped over the top.

" Bunkered, by heaven!" Raffles said softly. " That's done it. Bunny, we're going to be needed."

We all surged forward to the green, to see Edward Buckley, a fine golfer, recover brilliantly from the bunker. But it was too late. The Reverend Walter was sure as doom with his putt.

A great cheer went up, spontaneous and unexpected, and Judy threw her arms about her father and brother. The Buckleys, without a word, stalked straight off towards the clubhouse. Nothing could have been more obvious than that a letter would be sent off to the major telling him to report to the headmaster.

I felt Raffles's grip on my arm. " The fat's in the fire," he said. " Now, we play *our* little game. Come on."

WE cut obliquely across the golf course to the sunken lane. A hundred yards from the Buckleys' house in the beech spinney, Ivor Kern stepped out from behind a gorse clump.

" Good man, Ivor!" Raffles said, and he turned to me. " I'm sorry about this, Bunny, but it's necessary." He tore my cravat loose, tossed my cap over the bush, scruffled my hair, and gave me a smart punch on the nose. " All right?" he asked.

" Dammit," I said, plucking out my handkerchief, " you've made my nose bleed."

" Capital!" Raffles said. " Keep your handkerchief to it."

I was at a loss to divine his intentions as we walked on quickly to the Buckleys' house, mounted the steps. Raffles plucked the bellpull peremptorily. His face was stern as the butler opened the door.

" I am Inspector Fred Purdy, Fine Arts Section, Criminal Investigation Department," Raffles said. " Here is my card. Is your master in?"

" No, sir," said the butler, staring. " 'E's expected about now, but——"

" This gentleman," said Raffles, putting a hand on my arm, " is Mr. Lowe, the well-known photographer. As you can see, he has been badly manhandled. On his way to this house, where he had an appointment to do some work, he was attacked in the lane and left, bound and gagged.

" His camera and portable dark room were stolen from him. I have reason to believe that he was impersonated. Now, tell me—have *you* admitted to this house, this afternoon, anybody who looked like this gentleman?"

" Not—*not* much like 'im, sir," stammered the butler, regarding me askance. " No, sir, not at *all* like 'im, really! But I admitted a man what told me 'e was Mr. Lowe, sir."

" So much the worse," Raffles said grimly. " Now, show us where Mr. Lowe may rest and recuperate while we wait for your master."

Scarcely had the demoralized butler shown us into a small withdrawing room than we heard the clip-clop and trundle of a horse-and-trap on the drive. A minute later, we heard the butler gabbling distractedly to someone in the hall.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and Maurice Buckley, already furious from defeat on the golf course, came stamping in, flushed and wild-eyed.

" What the devil's all this nonsense?" he shouted.

Raffles rose. " Mr. Buckley?" he said quietly. " I see you have my card in your hand. This gentleman with

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blood on his face is Mr. Lowe, the photographer, who had an appointment here this afternoon. As you can see, he has been the victim of a brutal assault. This other gentleman"—he indicated Kern—"is adviser to the Fine Arts Section, Criminal Investigation Department. You may have heard of him—Professor Van Hooern?"

"The Cellini expert?" Buckley said, staring. Then the colour ebbed from his florid face. He turned and ran from the room. Following, we saw him opening the massive door with the *portière* curtain.

"Open the shutters, Hicks," he shouted to the butler. And, as daylight flooded into the room, and he saw the Cellini Unicorn still on its pedestal, he expelled a great breath of relief. "Safe!" he said. He turned to us as we moved into the room. "For one dreadful moment," he said shakily, "I feared——"

"I know well what you feared, sir," Raffles said, "and I only wish I could reassure you." He turned to the gaping butler. "Now, Hicks—did the bogus Mr. Lowe at any time demand *darkness* in the room here?"

"Why—why, yes, sir," the butler stammered. "'E explained 'e 'ad to 'ave it dark while he removed the plate from 'is camera to 'is kind of go-cart object. But me and 'Arrison was standing by all the time, and——"

"In point of fact," Raffles said, "if the room was pitch dark, it was quite impossible for you to see him take out the Cellini replica which he had concealed in his go-cart, as you call it, place the replica there upon the pedestal, and put the genuine Cellini *into* the go-cart. Is that not so?"

An explosive sound burst from the lips of Maurice Buckley. "Why, you blithering, dunderheaded idiot!" he yelled at Hicks. "You——"

"Steady, sir, if you please," Raffles said sternly. "This poor fellow is not to blame. He had to deal with an adroit and wicked scoundrel. I *think* I have a clue to the man's identity. I had a tip that he had designs on your Cellini piece. I came down here this afternoon with our adviser, Professor Van Hooern, in the hope of forestalling our man. Unfortunately, when Mr. Lowe here succeeded in attracting our attention from under the gorse bush where he lay bound and gagged, it was obvious that we had arrived too late."

He turned to Kern, who, frock-coated and impressive, was examining the golden unicorn closely through a jeweller's glass.

"What do you make of it, Professor?" Raffles asked.

Kern pursed his lips. "It looks remarkably like the work of the man we suspect," he said. "Indeed, I can think of no one else capable of producing so astonishingly clever a replica. To be *quite* certain it's the work of the man we think, of course, I should need to have it in my studio for microscopic examination, if that is agreeable to Mr. Buckley."

"I advise it, Mr. Buckley," Raffles said. "To establish beyond doubt that this replica is the work of the man we think would go far to enabling us to lay him by the heels before he has time to dispose of your Cellini. I could give you, of course, a receipt for——"

"Take it," Buckley shouted. "Get it out of my house. I want no bogus junk here. I want my genuine Cellini back or, by heaven, I'll know the reason why. Get that damned thing out of the house."

"Very good, sir," Raffles said, as Kern placed the genuine Cellini, untouched until this moment by any one of us, into the gladstone bag he had brought for the purpose. . . .

"Rather a neat job," Raffles commented, as the three of us walked down the lane. "I dare say a portable dark room has never before been so profitably employed. Now, Ivor, you'll take the Cellini up to town with you. When you reach the station here, find some boy to deliver to Buckley's house the anonymous note I gave you. It's just to tell him that, if he wants his Cellini Unicorn back, he has only to keep his mouth shut and the Cellini will be returned to him on the day after young Geoff Matcham honourably finishes his last term at school."

Raffles offered us Sullivans from his case as we walked.

"The note adds," he said, "that if he elects to go to the police, it'll of course come out that he's totally ignorant, artistically, of his own collection. It'll also come out that he and his son attempted a mean and dirty bit of blackmail on an eighteen-year-old boy in order to try to win a golf game. The method by which he was robbed will make him a laughing-stock. The attempted blackmail will make him an object of contempt." Raffles chuckled. "I think there's no question but that Buckley, who's trying to worm his way into county society, will prefer to keep mum and to get his Cellini at the end of term—perhaps."

Kern went off to the station and, as Raffles and I turned in at the Rectory gateway, in the deepening twilight, I said, puzzled, "Raffles, how did you mean, about Buckley getting his Cellini back—*'perhaps'*?"

"Why, as to that, Bunny," Raffles said, "Ivor employs craftsmen who could produce an admirable forgery of that Cellini Unicorn.

"*We* have to live, too, old boy. But still, we'll give him a sporting chance. If he deeds over those few acres bearing the Long Men to this movement the Rector's so interested in, this projected National—National——"

"Trust," I said.

"Just so," said Raffles. "Good idea, that. Probably grow into a big thing one day. Well, as I say, if Buckley keeps his agreement and deeds those acres over, he'll get his Cellini Unicorn back. If he rats, then we'll keep the Cellini piece and send him a forgery. It's a sporting chance all round. Meanwhile, I think I see Judy there in the porch, waiting for us."

Sure enough, it was Judy, under the lamp in the porch, the light shining on her hair, the door behind her standing open in welcome. She was radiant with pride in the Rector and Geoff, whose names would be the first ever inscribed on the Father and Son golf trophy standing in the small clubhouse on the downs, under the silhouettes of the mysterious prehistoric giants, the Long Men of Fedden. THE END

THE ENGLISH—2

I admire the English because they prefer animals to men, because they do not turn and stare at lovers, and because they have, each one of them, the feeling of being part of a great Empire. I see in that the proof of a simple goodness, of respect for the personality of others, and of a true greatness.

Paul-Henri Spaak (Belgian)

The Judas Figures

Continued from page 18

answered him. "The Candalaria girl, for instance."

"For one instance. Vito Castillo could be classed as another."

"Well, I really mustn't keep you from two such admirable causes. Goodbye, Father."

Her clattering heels as she ran up the street reminded him of other occasions when, as an unruly, engaging child, she had run away from him after defying him. He still found it hard to remember that Locha was now a woman.

In the morning Sam rounded up the flock. There were few enough willing to gather on the *plaza*. He called out to Father Keogh: "I had to drag them out by the ears. You get cracking and I'll go and whip up a few more."

Father Keogh told them: "Castillo and his friends are in prison. They may remain there only a day or two because the charge against them isn't serious.

"Terrible things have occurred in this town, for which these men are undoubtedly responsible. Worse crimes may be expected if they regain their freedom. You have a choice to make—between the freedom of murderers and thieves, and your own and your children's.

"This may be your only opportunity. There may be those among you here now who could supply evidence which would remove for all time the fear that has stifled our town. You need have no fear of Castillo's vengeance or that of his accomplices for, if you tell what you know, they will not come out of prison.

"You have not long to make up your minds. *Sabado de Gloria* is only seventy-two hours away from us, and, on the morning of that day which should be so joyful, these men will be out again to darken our lives.

"While these men are in prison, no harm can come to you. The so-called 'spirit' of the Bad One is unable to work without them. You will see that for yourselves over the next few days. You will suffer from no supernatural forces. Those forces have been carefully organized by Vito Castillo. It is he who has forecast disaster and brought it about. It is his influence and his alone which has sent people in fear of their lives.

"Denounce these men. Give them over to the punishment they deserve. Free yourselves and, on the morning of *Sabado de Gloria*, link the terrors and the hardships you have known in this town to the passion and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Join your newly found faith, your joy and your freedom to the glory of His resurrection."

The crowd dispersed in silence. Father Keogh walked home. He was thinking about Father Lasques. He had badly missed the young priest's support that morning.

He walked slowly, but even so he was back in the house before Chela, who had stayed for a gossip on the way.

In his room he found a note, written on his own typewriter. It read: "If anyone gives information against Vito Castillo, Candalaria Fernandez will suffer."

Father Keogh went to the Jefe. He was greeted with the nearest resemblance to a grin he had ever seen on the Jefe's heavy face. The Jefe said: "Well, Father. I hear the witch's spell has worked. The Señora Dyke Brown is going back to the States with her husband."

"News in the town," said Father Keogh, "travels faster than sound. I am afraid it didn't entirely work. Didn't you ask for the 'heart' of the señora to return to her husband?"

The Jefe inquired politely: "Is she leaving it somewhere behind?"

"The whole thing is a little too noble for my liking. If she goes back to him in that spirit, I wonder how long he'll put up with her."

"We must see what we can do," the Jefe said. "We must cast another spell."

"Never mind about spells. Look at this."

Father Keogh handed the note to the Jefe. "It was written on my own typewriter. I found it still in the machine. And I have no doubt that whoever did it took the trouble to wipe off his fingerprints."

He paused while the Jefe studied the note, then said: "Do you think we should send the girl to Huapan? I know Father Lopez would find someone to look after her."

The Jefe stared at Father Keogh. "Send her to Huapan? Over my dead body!"

"But isn't it a risk to keep her here, when she's been threatened?"

"My dear Father, have you no faith? Don't tell me you believe that Malo's spirit can operate without Vito's support?"

"You said yourself that he might have Milpahuaca thugs in his employment. They could work without him."

The Jefe said slowly: "That girl may be the means of bringing Castillo to justice at last. She is not leaving this town." He took up his memory pad. "Nobody leaves or comes into this town without my permission during the next seventy-two hours. If they do, they'll be shot. I'll have the whole town circled. Then perhaps, if the tiger comes after the smell of the little goat, we might find it's the same one who killed Victorino and went off with the priest."

"Supposing it kills the little goat as well?"

The Jefe lifted his heavy shoulders and slowly let them fall. "How important is one little goat compared to the whole of the flock?"

"That isn't for us to say. It might be that one creature is more precious to the shepherd than any other. It's not for us to select the sacrifice. God has His uses for the little goats of the world. He might choose to speak to us through humbler things than that."

"Shepherds!" the Jefe sighed. "Little goats! Kindly remember you're talking to a heathen."

"I haven't forgotten," Father Keogh said.

He stood for a moment, considering. Then he asked casually: "What about me, Jefe? It might be awkward for me to be trapped in the town. Supposing I have to go to Tephuango or something?"

"I'll give you a pass. You can have my car, if you want it, but you'll have to drive yourself. I can't spare a man off this job."

"Thank you," Father Keogh said. "Will you be telling the girl that her life is in danger?"

The Jefe shook his head. "I don't want her taking any precautions she wouldn't normally take."

"No, of course not! We don't want the target to hide itself."

"That's right," the Jefe said.

Father Keogh arranged for the Jefe's car to call at six-thirty and sent a message to Candalaria, asking her to call at his house as soon as darkness fell. He disliked betraying the Jefe's trust, but the man would not hesitate to sacrifice the girl.

Candalaria arrived at the house at

Continued on page 34

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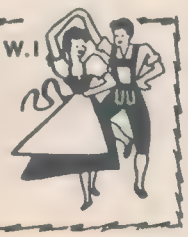

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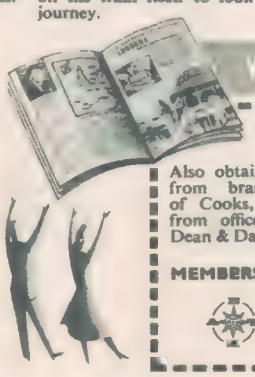

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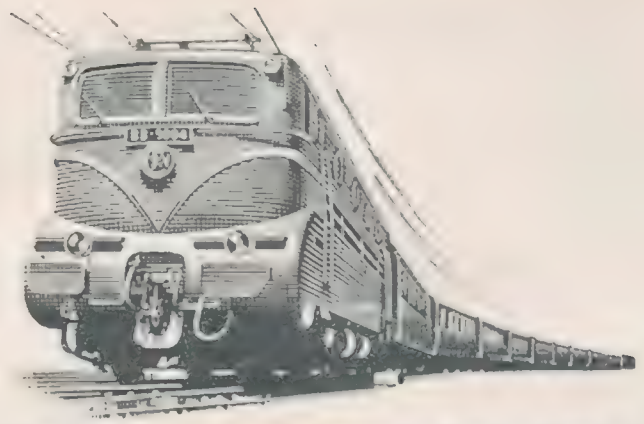

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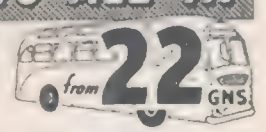

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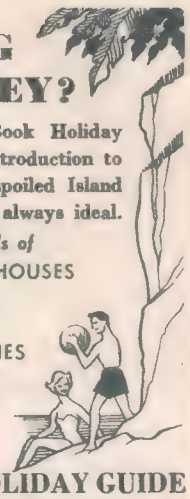

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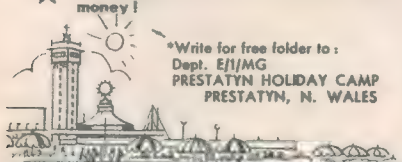

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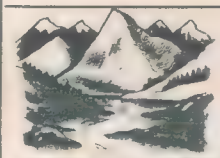

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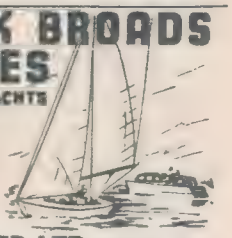

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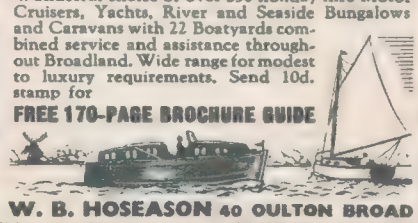

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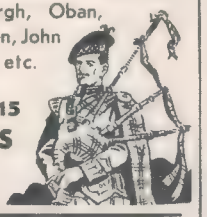

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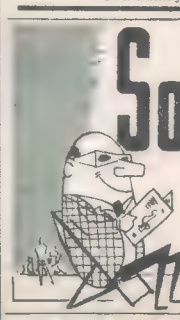

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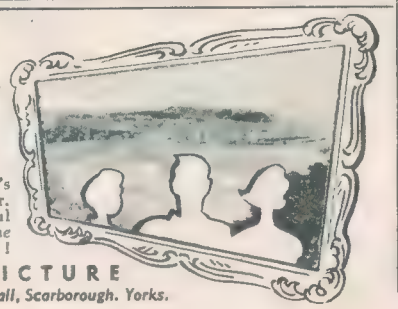

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KEEP THEM FOR REFERENCE

The Judas Figures

Continued from page 26

seven o'clock. She was sullen and ill at ease. He told her quickly about the threat to her life, and then said: "I'm going to take you out to Coyotito. You can stay with him and his wife until it looks safe for you to return. Are you willing to go?"

"Yes, Father." She was solemn and wide-eyed now. She looked like a frightened child.

Father Keogh noticed that she wore Vito's big amethyst ring on her finger. He said: "Were you given that?"

"Yes, Father."

He could sense when she was lying by now. He said: "If you stole it, wouldn't you like me to give it back to Vito for you?"

"I was given it, Father."

He sighed. It was impossible to make her alter her ways. He said: "Very well. Be careful Chela doesn't see you come out of the house."

He had not driven for many months, and felt acute strain. The headlights lit cobblestones ahead of them and were lost in a haze at the start of the river road. Candalaria was curled up in a ball on the back seat, with a blanket thrown carelessly over her.

They were stopped at the climb to the Huapan Ledge. Five *agentes* were blocking the way. He handed out his pass. They checked it in the light of acetylene lamps and waved him on.

A soft noise disturbed Father Keogh. Candalaria was crying. He called over his shoulder to her: "Don't be frightened. I think that's the last lot we'll meet."

The wind blew a cool breath through the car windows. When they passed the cross which marked Malo's grave, Father Keogh's thoughts travelled beyond it, sending his mind searching for Father Lasques. The forest was full of the shrieking sounds of night. It was easy to imagine them the cries of lost souls in the Great Green Walk Of The Wandering Dead.

He stopped the car short of Tephuango.

"Come along," he said, "we'll walk. We don't want the whole community turning out."

Candalaria rose under the rug like a small, patched mountain. She was still quietly sobbing as she walked by his side.

"What's the matter? Are you frightened?" Father Keogh asked. "Coyotito and his wife will look after you. They're both of them friends of mine."

Low fires flicked softly through the doorways of huts. Coyotito's was the third in the line. Father Keogh whispered his name through the doorway. Coyotito came silently forward, machete in hand. Father Keogh pushed Candalaria inside, "Hide her until I return for her."

Candalaria seemed unable to thank him. Her voice was small when she said: "My mother and father would not have taken the trouble to save such a very bad girl. They're not so foolish as you."

The lights were all out in the *plaza* when Father Keogh returned to the town. He drove to the Jefe's office to return the car.

"I've been waiting for you," the Jefe said. "I've failed to break down Castillo or the others, but Roberto Ibarra and Doña Florencia have something to tell us at last."

He called in Roberto and Doña Florencia. They were nervous and twisted their hands. "It's not that we told a lie, Jefe. It's just that we left out some truth."

"Kindly leave nothing out, this time. Remember that Edmundo Arrieta is serving a three-month sentence for withholding information from the police."

It was Roberto who started the story. He made many excuses before he arrived at the point. "It was just where I took you to, Jefe, that I picked up two men in my lights."

"What men?"

"That was not possible to tell. They wore masks and handkerchiefs right round their heads. But I saw they had guns and the bus had to stop. And then one of them spoke to me."

"Did you think he might have come from Milpahuaca by the way he spoke?"

Roberto answered: "No, Jefe. It was somebody using a rough make-up voice, like you might do on the stage. He said that if Father Lasques didn't come down in the road with his bag they would shoot every soul in the bus."

"That's when Father Lasques made it his wish to leave the bus," Doña Florencia said.

"And you drove off and left him? You gave no sort of help?"

"Well, Father, I thought that we must drive on. They would most certainly have shot the whole lot."

"Why didn't you tell us these details before?"

"Because, Jefe, they said we should all die if so much as one of us opened our mouths."

"And what makes you take the risk now?"

"Because Vito Castillo is shut up in prison and the Father has told us no harm will come to us."

"You think it had something to do with Castillo, then?"

"Well, Jefe, it's true when we say in the darkness we could not make out these men. But one was a big man, a big man like Pablo, and the other was a little smaller, like Vito might be."

The Jefe said to the corporal: "*Cabo*, fetch me the files on the Martinez dinner. I'll just take a look at those statements again."

The corporal brought them and the Jefe ran through them. "Presidente! Doña Arcelia! Domingo, Señor Martinez, Señora Martinez, Gerardo Hermandez, the boy from the grocer's! Hospital, hospital, hospital speech! Vito seems to have made a great impression on them all with his hospital speech. They all seemed to have learned exactly the same bits by heart."

Father Keogh said suddenly: "Jefe, when I went past the hotel that night, I remember thinking the dinner party sounded forced."

"Forced?"

"Well, organized. Nothing sounded quite spontaneous. I just put it down to the fact that nobody ever does enjoy themselves at these things much. But I heard them all applauding Vito and saying what a good speech he had made, and the Jeep came to the window and said the same."

"Two things are interesting about that," the Jefe said. "One is that these men who held up the bus are the same size as Pablo and Vito, and the other is that there was nothing good about this speech at all. It might be worth questioning these people again to find out why it stayed in their minds to such an extent that they have all memorized the same parts of it."

Father Keogh returned to his house to find Locha seated on the old horsehair sofa. She stood up when he came into the room. In her eyes there was the bewildered look of youth encountering its first taste of disillusionment.

He was taken aback by her opening remark. "Father, I believe I'd have grieved for you less if you'd died in that Indian hut."

He was expressionless as he waited for her to explain.

"For me you have died a more terrible death—you're not you any more. You're not *my* Father Keogh. You can't be, to do such a terrible thing."

"What is it you think I've done, Locha?"

"I promised the last time I saw you to go back to Dyke to save you from the court case, but I wouldn't have kept that promise. Not even for your sake. I loved you so much that I couldn't. I told Dyke he'd have to go through with the court case and I'd have to leave him for ever."

"What happened to change your mind?"

All efforts to control her voice failed her. "You minded so much about me loving you, you went to the *witch* to get rid of me. You! A priest! When you've told other people superstition's so bad, you went in for magic yourself.

"Please don't deny it. Dyke took me to see that horrid old woman and she told me it was true herself. I saw then how wrong my love for you was—not just because what it made you do hurt me so terribly—but because my loving you drove you to sin. It's endangered your soul."

He found it hard to suppress a smile at first. Then for a moment he longed to retract the hurt both for her sake and his own. It cost him unexpected pain to force himself to leave her new opinion of him unchanged. But he realized he could assist her best by doing so.

He did nothing to correct her false impression, and he was rewarded when she said to him: "I *want* to go back to Dyke now, Father." She held out a piece of paper. "This is how I came to find out."

She left the room as he opened the note. A trace of her perfume stayed behind on the air. Father Keogh stood for several seconds before he looked down at the note. It was addressed to Locha and it was signed, "A well-wisher."

It read: "The Reverend Michael Patrick Keogh was so anxious to be rid of you and your embarrassing affections that he visited the witch to ask for a spell to be concocted to make you return to your husband."

Father Keogh drank a cup of coffee before he went up to the Jefe again. The Jefe was making notes on his memo pad. The priest said abruptly: "I wonder if you could take time off to identify some handwriting for me?"

"Is there anything to check it with?"

"Yes," said Father Keogh. "This!" He leaned over the table, picked up the Jefe's writing-pad and slapped it down again with the note beside it.

The Jefe examined the two samples carefully. He twisted and turned them and held them both to the light. "Well, of course, I can't claim to be an expert on this, and it's really an expert's job, but on the face of it I think—yes, I think I should take the risk and say—yes, I should say that it is mine."

In the whole of their long acquaintanceship Father Keogh had never seen the Jefe laugh so heartily before. Every inch of his body shook.

"I do believe," Father Keogh said, "that, excluding Vito Castillo, I've never come across a bigger villain than you."

The Jefe held his hands to his stomach. His dark eyes were alight with his tears. "Now, now, Father! You know someone always has to help the witch."

"What made you write Locha such an unkind note?"

"You complained that the first spell didn't entirely work. I thought this might ensure that she took her 'heart' back to the States as well."

He was still laughing when they heard the shot. The Jefe took up his pistol, all sign of merriment gone. "Now," he said, "what will we find?"

Father Keogh felt the new pain in the pit of his stomach. He said: "Locha and Dyke would have got away, wouldn't they, by now?"

The Jefe replied: "Who knows?"

The *oficial*, the *sarjento* and the *cabo* ran in. The Jefe gave out abrupt orders. The *plaza* was filling with voices and light. An elbowing crowd carried torches and lanterns, hysterically shouting the news.

"They say it was up on the Huapan road."

"They say it's a girl who's been killed."

"It is through the head that this poor little thing has been shot."

"No, the bullet has passed through the lungs and the heart."

When the Jefe's jeep sped through the crowded streets with the doctor and Father Keogh inside, it was the sight of the priest which influenced the town. The whole of Quantana seemed to be rocked by the jeers.

"Vito Castillo could not have done this."

"The Bad One himself never lied like this priest."

"Who was it said we should come to no harm?"

They ran by the jeep and called in their abuse. They leaned out of windows to shout at him. They shook their fists from doors.

He could disregard the insults, but he could not ignore the fear. It was spreading like a flame in a driving wind. It caught all it touched in its race down the streets.

It was neither on the Huapan road nor behind the church. It was down by the River Of Small Reception. The jeep, braking, stirred up the dust. All three men ran down towards the river.

An *agente* from Arenales came forward to meet them. He saluted the Jefe and said: "I had my orders to shoot if someone refused to stay still when I called out for a name."

"Yes, those were your orders," the Jefe said.

Three other *agentes* were grouped on the bank. They waved when they caught sight of the doctor. He and the Jefe reached the spot first. Father Keogh was stumbling after them. Behind him the crowd poured down from the river road in a stream of bobbing lights

The acetylene lamps of the three *agentes* sent a hard white circle over the girl on the ground. It was Candalaria.

To be concluded next week

THE ENGLISH—3

An Englishwoman is usually long suffering, noble and probably just about the most useful wife a man can have, if he can't marry a Japanese or one of those African women who do all the work.

Emily Hahn (American)

Night of the Tiger

Continued from page 11

mad howl quavered across the grassland and was joined by others. Soon the pack was all yowling together.

Naria stumbled helplessly forward. She could not see where she was going, and next moment something heaved up out of the grass underfoot with a grunt and squeal that nearly killed her with terror. In a moment a sounder of wild pig burst up out of their bed in the grass and galloped away.

Naria ran, too, on fleet-scared feet. She crashed into things and at last she slowed and stopped. She couldn't go on like this. They must wait for the moon.

She began to shake, her teeth chattered, and all her body was ice-cold. She and Kunthi huddled down into the grass and pulled leaves over them, burrowing into it as the pigs had done. The earth still held warmth, like a brick. Naria hugged the baby tight to keep her alive.

Around them the night population of the jungle was on the move. They heard mice under the mat of grass, in with them. The purple sky quavered with owls. There was the rattle of porcupine quills. Then, suddenly, from far away, came the *aough* of a tiger, strolling heavily, a little hungry and a little bored.

Naria sat up sharply. Her flesh prickled and stung with sweat that felt like ants on her skin. She knew perfectly well that ordinary tigers do not ordinarily kill human beings, but as she crouched in the grass now she was a jungle animal, and great carnivores were looking for their meat.

The tiger spoke again, and was answered; he and his mate calling to each other, calling nearer. Their roars rolled over the land like a flood. Naria could feel the vibration. She could understand the sound. Without the comprehension of words, she knew what they were saying.

She jumped to her feet. She got the baby up and began wildly running. Sleep and misery had stunned Kunthi into drunken silence.

Exhaustion finally slowed Naria's frenzy. She panted on, glancing about her with anguished eyes.

The moon was up now, she could see again. All the jungle lay bathed in a brilliant light, striped with shadow. The grass, the bamboo, the undergrowth, all were marked like the tigers who lived there. For this was the domain of the lords of the forest, and they were coloured like their own jungle. Here they raised their cubs and killed their meat, and strode the forest paths all night in search of prey.

Suddenly, Naria was on a fireline again. She did not recognize it, and she did not know which way to go, but she could not stay still, and this road cut by man seemed better than the tangle of forest. She walked along it.

There had been carts along this track. They had worn the grass away, and with her bare feet she made no noise in the ruts. The baby slept on her shoulder.

The fireline took a turn and, as she made it, she came face to face with an animal. Big. Narrow. Long. His head low, and eyes glowing red-white, his moon-shadow clean on the dry ground. She could see the thick white whiskers, and the frosty ruff round his face.

A tiger!

He was as taken aback as she was, and both stopped dead at sight of each other. The tiger sank down a little, not sure. His electrically alive tail froze and twitched. His eyes burned at her.

For a moment Naria did nothing. Then she let the baby slide to the ground, and she stepped in front of her. Suddenly she sprang forward, flinging out her arms and sari.

"*Hrmph!*" she shouted, as they shouted at the buffaloes sometimes to make them jump. With a startled "*Woof!*" the tiger bounded sideways into the undergrowth and disappeared.

In the morning the sun rose, and reminded Naria of the hill it topped every morning near Kotgarh. So, if you went towards it, maybe you'd find that hill.

Presently, they heard the river. When they reached it, Naria saw that it was not their stream: it was too big and broad. This must be the Kalanadi. Well, if you went up it, you'd find your own stream. . . .

The village was silent when they reached it, everyone out looking for them, and a good walloping awaiting them when people did get back.

"We will not tell Mother about the tiger," said Naria to Kunthi firmly.

She was not frightened, but that was not why she was crying, when she had not cried before. For there the village lay, and she and Kunthi ran forward into heaven. It was pi-dogs, fleas, hunger, work. It was home. THE END

"We have a marvellous book on child psychology, if you'd care to borrow it"

Diamond Fever

Continued from page 13

season," I said, "I'm coming down here on my own."

"Fine!" said Williams. "How the hell do you travel?"

"That's just it. You can fly me in, quite close."

We were now almost skimming the river and Williams, with a sideways flick of his head, drew my attention to the bush below. "See that? Guys have gone in, and not so remote as this, and never come out. Others are fetched out—staring crazy."

"I can look after myself."

"That's what they all think. Sorry—it's no go."

The finality of his tone surprised me, so I tried an inducement: "You can have a share in the expedition. Just get me in, that's all I want."

He explained that it wasn't money, but that he just didn't want people like me on his conscience: "Maybe some other time," he finished.

It seemed that Art was closing the only door to the fortune I was convinced lay down there for the picking. We were both silent.

Back in Georgetown I had a letter to say that my father had died. My immediate reaction was to return to England at once. Then I realized that this would benefit nobody—I still hadn't made my fortune.

I DECIDED that now would be a good time to take a long holiday, build myself up and plan some way of getting back to my strike on the Courantyne. The Bahamas seemed the place, and I reached Nassau early in 1938 and came under its spell, swimming, reading, lounging back with cooling drinks.

Then the war came. The easy life was now irritating rather than satisfying, and even the diamond game seemed out of context. I tried to join the R.A.F., but at thirty-four, I was told, I was too old for flying—and finally I was accepted for the navy.

I went home to England and volunteered for motor torpedo boats. I was posted to MTB 666 at Lerwick, in the Shetlands, as an able seaman.

We were on call for trips across the North Sea, and in the time-killing hours between each operation my stories about diamonds and British Guiana always had an audience.

One night, as we edged up to the Norwegian coast, one of the crew whispered over to me in the black murk of the night: "Safer in that jungle, eh, Bill?" I couldn't help agreeing that he had something, for I was feeling an exhilaration I had not known since my days in the bush.

In 1944, soon after D Day, MTB 666 was moved down to Lowestoft and from there we began a series of sorties aimed at paralysing the Germans' sea supply routes. The luck of 666 held until the night we went in with guns instead of tinfish.

In the explosion that followed a direct hit in our engine-room, I was struck in the face by shrapnel and after the shock of sudden immersion found myself holding on to a Carley float. The Germans were picking out the ditched seamen one by one, and in the reflected glare and confusion I could see the German vessel, an armed coaster. I was hauled aboard. . . .

In a prisoner-of-war camp anyone with the gift of the gab is heavensent, and I found myself being asked for more tales of diamond hunting.

It was strange how my undistinguished prewar career drew attention. One morning a German admiral came round on a tour of inspection. I was helping to dig a trench, for at that time the Allies were advancing and our camp was right in line with the way they were coming.

Old and grey-haired, with a florid face, the admiral stood looking at my trench. I was pointed out as a diamond prospector. His face cracked into a wide grin. "Diamonds, eh?" A pause, and: "Then what are you doing here?"

He laughed uproariously at his own sense of humour, but I was stumped for a reply.

It was some days after this incident that the prisoners were paraded and told that we would be separated for the Allies' arrival. The Merchant Navy men would be left to be released, while Royal Navy prisoners were to prepare themselves to march to Danzig.

There seemed to be no pre-arrangement, but immediately after this development, the R.N. men went into hiding—in corners, under floorboards, among the rafters. I had a nook in the roof of No. 6 block and the Merchant Navy men below gave us shouted bulletins about the search parties' progress.

The guards were systematically clearing one block after another, firing their revolvers at the ceilings and into the floors. "One . . ." came a voice from below, announcing that the Germans were now in No. 1 block. "Two . . . three. . . ." It was like waiting for Doomsday. Then, suddenly: "They're going."

Peering through a hole, I could just see a segment of barrack square. A party of Royal Navy men was being marched out of the compound. I came down, feeling fairly safe, and for some days mixed freely with the Merchant Navy men.

A short time later, the British troops arrived to release us. I reached England on May 8, 1945, stayed a few days at home on the farm in Cambridgeshire and then applied for "home leave" to the Bahamas.

For four weeks I relaxed in Nassau and was then flown to Montreal where I waited with some irritation for demobilization. When the Japanese War ended, I was posted to New York to await discharge, and at a New Year's Eve party on December 31, 1945, I was among a group of British Servicemen invited to a private house for a party.

I became friendly with my host's daughter, a tall, fair girl named Louise, and soon our friendship was strong enough to make my next trip for diamonds a preliminary to getting married.

If I could reach that spot in the Courantyne area, I said, I would be rich in a matter of weeks. We could meet in the Bahamas in about a couple of months' time. . . .

Georgetown hadn't changed much. There was something satisfying about getting a prospecting pan in my hands and I found that I had not lost the old knack.

Then I got in touch with Art Williams, the bush pilot. He was just as firm about refusing to fly me up the Courantyne as he had been before the war, and for the next two or three days I nosed around town, trying to get some idea of what was moving up the rivers.

I could think of no way to get to the Courantyne on my own. Instead I went up the Mazaruni for my first postwar, lone-wolf prospection.

Once I was beyond Bartica, my kinship with this strange country was renewed, and every run of the river had memories for me. At the shops there was the same drowsy atmosphere, the same drinking sprees, and the inevitable hangers-on.

From Apaikwa, I took a woodskin canoe and a fortnight's supplies and travelled upriver, prospecting indeterminately until I felt I was high enough to be beyond the area of popular operation.

One creek especially looked virgin, and my initial search produced so many carbon deposits that I felt that there must be snags. Wherever I looked, it seemed, there were diamonds. I staked my claim and the diamonds continued to come so well that I realized I would need a partner.

Down at Apaikwa I had met a Portuguese prospector named Degus who had a tremendous reputation as a skilled bushman. Going down to sign him on meant taking a risk, for I would have to leave my site to the mercies of any claim-jumpers who may have sensed that I had found something worthwhile.

Degus was keen enough and when I showed him around the claim, his eyes widened in approval. We attacked the

THE ENGLISH—4

How hard it is to make an Englishman acknowledge that he is happy!

—William Makepeace Thackeray (English)

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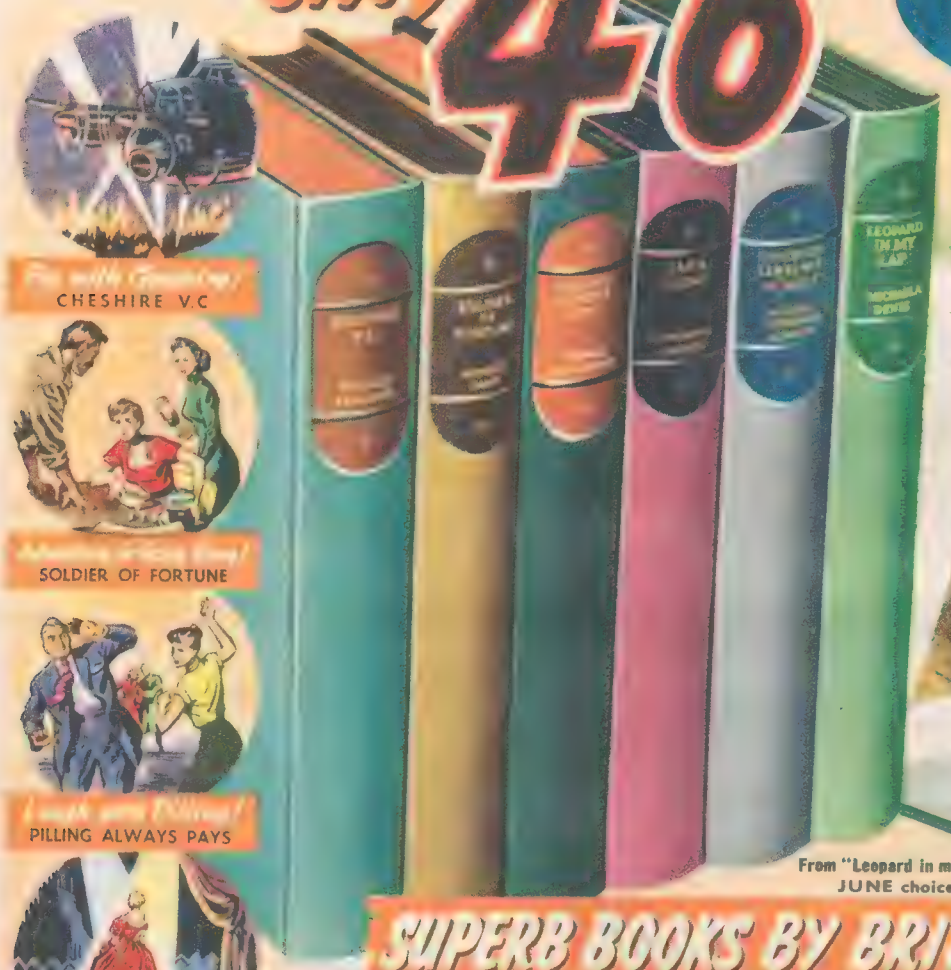

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surrounding bush to make a clearing for the paysite and staked out twelve claims in the area. Soon our sluice was working and diamonds were coming up with a regularity that more than justified our hopes.

We were harassed by the shortage of rations but were reluctant to go down to Apaikwa to replenish because it might mean revealing our progress.

In the end one of us had to go, and I set out at dawn one morning while Degus resumed work. I sold some of our stones for a money order on a Georgetown bank for £300, though the trader deducted some of it for the goods I was buying in. My return had to be rather furtive; I started out before daylight.

DESPITE this concealment, we soon had visitors—two coloured diggers who came right up to the claim boards to ensure that they were in order before approaching us with a plea to be allowed to work a pit in our area.

Things were going so well that we could afford to be generous. A day later, another party arrived, about a dozen of them. They watched us at work, Degus and myself and our two tenants, and then proceeded to stake out claims of their own nearby.

By the weekend, the area was taking on the look of a jungle Klondike. I guessed that there must have been two hundred men around. The diamonds were still coming up well for us, and one of the newcomers was doing even better than we were.

The whole area, which not long before had been desolation itself, was now a scene of intense activity with mounds of stacked gravel, sluices and, at nights, rum sessions.

We were ready for a rest and despite the risk of our claims being jumped in our absence, we set off for Apaikwa.

The place was transformed; where a few weeks ago it had been quiet and almost abandoned, now it was packed with jostling diggers and their inevitable hangers-on—blousy women, parrots, monkeys and pet dogs.

As I climbed on to the landing boards at the river's edge, my hand was clasped by enthusiastic diggers, and when we reached the bar and I stood drinks for a few of them, the trader would not accept payment.

"No trade till you come," he said to me. "Now—look. . . ." It was dawning on me that I had started a rush which had brought diggers from every creek along the Mazaruni.

By nightfall, the celebrations which had worked up as a result of my arrival had reached new heights of wildness. Rum bottles were being waved and not a woman was without a partner.

Next day, it was still going strong, and a waving, scuffling mass of people was down at the landing stage greeting the arrival of the mailboat; it was jam-packed with humanity, and perched on the bow was an old piano.

An olive-skinned, athletic musician was bouncing the keys, his face lacquered with sweat, his lips mouthing a calypso song whose words I couldn't hear because of the din. Throughout the day, the orgy of drinking and rowdyism went on.

I kept out of it all as much as I could, but whenever I ventured from my palm-roofed bungalow I was besieged by back-slapping diggers. The party was still in full swing at night; it was probably set for a week.

In the communal hut, two men broke into heated argument and the sweating crowd pulled away to give them room: one was a Creole with glazed eyes and gleaming black hair and he was accusing a smaller wiry-looking halfcaste of owing him money. He wanted it back.

In the mêlée that followed, I could not make out exactly what happened, but the accuser drew his knife first. Both men were fighting drunk and there was a violent scuffle. The smaller man pulled his matchet and, striking wildly, slashed at his accuser's head. The blade caught an ear and the wounded man, clutching the side of his head, stumbled into the shouting crowd.

Two diggers helped him to the dispensary. His ear was hanging off and his arms, neck and the shoulder of his shirt were blood-soaked. This sudden violence sickened and fascinated me, and I stepped outside to watch the man being led off. Out under the lemon trees, outrageous parties were going on under a magnificent sunset.

Before leaving Apaikwa, I invested in an outboard motor and the journey back was a good deal easier. To my surprise, our pay had not been tampered with and we continued to work it until it began running to depth.

We chain-bored, digging a line of bucket-sized holes in the gravel. Once or twice we had the thrill of finding five or six stones, mostly small, in one load of gravel. But the pay was diving so sharply that we had to spend several days damming up the creek and channelling most of the water away. Even then, in the knee-deep seepage, it was impossible to get at the lower-lying pay.

It seemed incredible that in one day during that first flush of success we had taken out nearly a hundred stones of varying dimensions and quality. Now the stones we were getting were of low value.

Degus and I were somewhat fed up with the sight of each other. We decided to abandon the project; at the trading post we played a game of offering our remaining stones to a succession of buyers.

This resulted in our getting £30 more than we were at first offered. With our earlier money orders, we had cleared a profit of around £1,000.

I set about enjoying myself in Georgetown for a while: then, as the high life began to pall, I set out alone up the Mazaruni again. I came on a neglected creek where the indications were fairly promising. Very little resulted from it, but one morning as I looked into the sieve, my world stood still. Glistening with a dull sheen in the sand and gravel was what looked like a magnificent diamond with triangular sides, fully half an inch from point to point.

I was almost afraid to lift it out. It could be worth £8,000 or more. Already, I visualized that next meeting with Louise, the girl in New York. As I picked the stone out, however, I found it was no thicker than window glass. It was a "flat" and, as such, practically worthless.

The discovery so overwhelmed me that I went back to camp, packed up, and next day set out for the shops. I was too dispirited to continue the work, but by the time I reached the shops there was some consolation in the thought that this diamond, despite its low market value, was still a thing of great beauty. I could send it to Louise as a gift.

That night I drank heavily, and in the course of this sorrow-drowning session I held out the diamond in the crook of my index-finger to show to my drinking companion. Only after he had registered dumbfounded admiration did I allow him to see its lack of depth.

Someone else at the crowded bar must have seen the stone without its faults. When I awoke with a raging headache next morning, the cartridge case in which I kept the stone had been stolen from under my pilow.

I had been back in Georgetown just over a week when I ran into Dutch Bill, a wiry and alert little fortune-seeker with curly black hair. He had a reputation along the rivers as one of the best bushmen in the colony.

He had just been through a shattering experience. He had arrived with nineteen big stones. "You know what happened?" he told me. "I take them to a trader. He weighs them and says: 'Three hundred pounds.' I hold out my hand. The stones are worth more, much more.

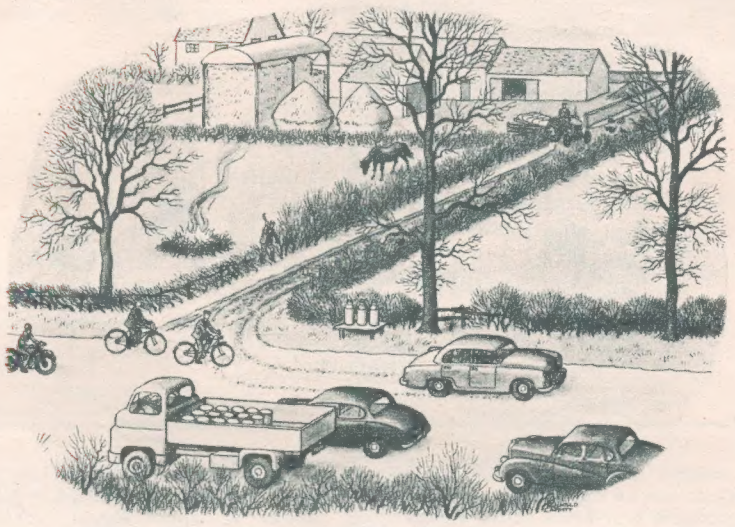
"He is sorry, he says, but he has got them mixed up with another parcel. He does not know now which are mine. Man, did we talk!"

Three weeks after our meeting, he and I were off up the Mazaruni. We travelled as far as Tumureng in one of Art Williams's air-taxis, and made for the Meamu River. Like most diggers, Dutch Bill was soon displaying a childlike faith in dreams. On our sixth morning out, he told me over breakfast: "I dreamed good last night. I dreamed of a field of pineapples and sugar cane. That means we get rich."

NEXT WEEK: I brave the forbidden river

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 38



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

THE ENGLISH—5

Courtesy is not dead—it has merely taken refuge in Great Britain.

Georges Duhamel (French)

Inside Egypt

Continued from page 9

of land, he was the *owner* of three acres and was paying for them—in the usual way—at the rate of £15 an acre, spread over thirty years. In addition, he paid £2 an acre for his irrigation. But, said Ahmed Shaban with some satisfaction, already this year he had cleared all that off from his cotton crop alone. And there was still the acre of wheat—it would take him five days to thresh it—not to mention his beans and his clover. With an acre less than he had had before, he was already better off—and when he got that water for his rice, he would be better off still.

Like the other farmers, Ahmed Shaban was a member of the village co-operative. Through it, he marketed his cotton at a good price and got his seed and fertilizer cheaply. Under the land reform régime, no fewer than four hundred new co-operatives are being set up: membership is compulsory for new owners with five acres or less.

Though initiated from above, these co-operatives can swiftly become genuine organs of the community. So much I was able to see for myself later that day when I dropped in on a meeting of the central co-operative committee, drawn from the eleven co-operatives of the eleven villages on the old estate.

The committee met in a little room alongside what had been the stables of the royal estate. They sat around a long table with the local inspector of co-operatives at one end and the local agriculturalist next to him; the chairman, a spry little five-acre man with steel-rimmed spectacles and a wide smile, sat in front of a large minute book in the middle of one side. The members round the table were wearing dark-coloured *galabiyehs*—the peasants seem impervious to heat—and the small white skull caps called *takias*, except for one rather elderly member, no doubt a survivor of the old régime, who wore a tarbush.

IT was the ninth meeting of the committee. The co-operative had been in existence only six months. But the members tackled the agenda expertly. There was the matter of more storage space for the wheat then being threshed; there was their ambition to buy two communal tractors for each of the eleven co-operatives; there was the campaign against the cotton worm again threatening the crop; there was the matter of ascertaining how many of their members would try out the new hybrid maize yielding two or three times as much as the old variety.

It was clearly far from a merely stooge assembly. Every man was eager to make heard his opinions on matters which, after all, concerned him dearly. The little chairman, like an excitable gnome, bounded from side to side, waving his ruler over the minute book. Afterwards he invited me to ask questions. There were furious debates. Then coffee was produced; I was invited to give my impressions and sign the minute book.

Aziz Kadry watched the proceedings with satisfaction.

"You know," he said, "five years ago, before the revolution, you could hardly have approached a farmer. They suspected everybody — even us, their fellow Egyptians. . . ."

They had showed me a good sample, of course, but in Egypt today land reform is a fact. Land redistribution is working. It is true that because of the two hundred acre limitation it will not affect more than about one million people and one-tenth of the cultivated land. But it amounts to a social revolution. And in its dethronement of the pashas it is powerfully supplemented by two further measures—a law fixing maximum rents and another fixing a minimum wage. The minimum wage for men is now eighteen piastres a day (3s. 9d.)—more than twice the pre-revolution agricultural male average, which was considerably less than the cost of keeping one mule for a day.

Though these measures are primarily

social reforms, Egyptians explain that their economic consequences may not be negligible. In Egypt, as in other Middle Eastern countries, the only real investment has been in land. Since in Egypt land is both rich and scarce, competition to acquire it has driven prices to fabulous heights. In order to make their investments pay off, landlords then pushed higher and higher the rents of their peasants. The rich got richer; the poor were ground down to ever more abysmal depths.

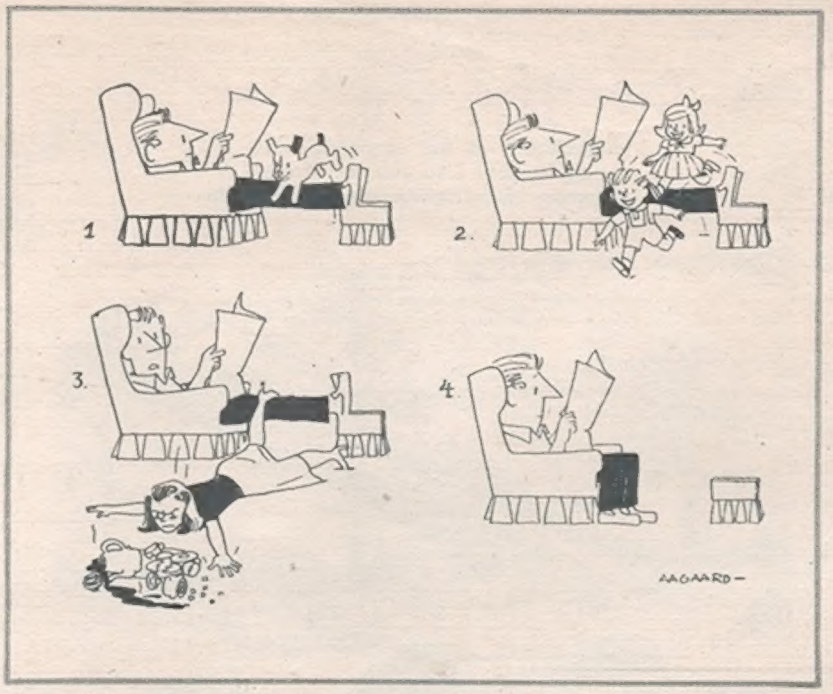
Now this Eldorado based on serfdom is finished. The capital which can no longer be sunk in the soil must seek other outlets. Visibly, it is going into bricks and mortar. Egyptian planners are hoping that some of it will go into industry.

For with ninety-six per cent of her territory desert and more than two-thirds of her people crowded on to her six million cultivated acres, Egypt's need of diversified industry has long been painfully obvious. In 1920, the Misr Bank was formed with Egyptian capital to promote the establishment of wholly Egyptian industries. Today it controls large textile mills—with a model town at Mehalla el-Kobra in the delta—a shipping line, an airline, tanneries and a pharmaceutical factory.

Now, since the revolution, under government prompting the manufacture of motor tyres, pipes, cables, paper, jute, fertilizers, is being established. But still about the only real Egyptian capitalist-industrialist on the Western scale is Ahmed Abboud, who, among other things, has enjoyed a near monopoly of sugar refining.

Even if the necessary spirit of enterprise and the willingness to take risks should be forthcoming, the raw materials of industry are sparse.

There is the cotton crop on which



was erected the fantastic glittering superstructure of Egyptian society. It still produces four-fifths of all Egypt's foreign exchange. It also supplies the basis of the large Egyptian textile industry. But since this raw material is the world's highest quality cotton and is therefore costly, Egyptian-made cotton goods are dear and could not survive without protection. And the Egyptian consumer still scarcely exists. On the rock of his microscopic margin of purchasing power many plans for large home market industries must founder. There is a seam of rich iron ore, five feet thick and fifteen feet down, at Aswan in Upper Egypt. This is being made the basis—at a cost of £15 million—for a small iron and steel industry.

Modest discoveries of oil in Sinai have replaced the drying Red Sea wells. Prospecting is going on and refineries are being extended. There may be undiscovered minerals in the desert—for the country has never yet had a thorough geological survey.

But Egyptians, while they hope for the future, must survive in the present. And for that present Egypt's only substantial raw materials are still her rich soil, her sun and her water. And the soaring population has steadily devoured all the new land brought into cultivation down the years by immense and costly irrigation projects. From 4.8 acres per head in 1907 the size of the land holding per head had by 1947 shrunk to 2.6 acres.

The young officers who now find themselves charged with Egypt's welfare have set on foot a social revolution which must change the habits and ways of thinking which have held the nation in their grip for generations. Now, still politically insecure themselves, they must consolidate their social revolution with an economic revolution.

That is the tough one.

For always the remorseless arithmetic of Egypt's situation asserts itself: 22 million people, only six million cultivated acres, a strictly limited supply of water—and more than a thousand new mouths to feed every day of the year.

Is there any conceivably adequate answer?

In Cairo one evening I put the question to a young army officer, one of Nasser's men. He was sitting at the head of a long table covered with maps and plans and surrounded by engineers and agriculturalists. He smiled and waved a hand at the plans of new fields and new towns, of a whole new province, on the table in front of him.

"We shall conquer the desert," he said.

This, I was to discover, was no mere vain boast.

NEXT WEEK: Egypt's fight against sand and the enemy within

Sunshine Courier

Continued from page 19

have provided the economic transport are the "special train" and the motor coach.

About thirty firms in Britain operate Continental coach tours and their collective business has doubled in six years. "People, particularly those getting on a bit, like coach holidays because they require absolutely no effort," says a travel agent. "The coach operator cares for his passenger's leisure, luggage, language problems—everything. In the last couple of seasons, the operator has made his holidays much more attractive by planning his itineraries with more care and by not trying to rush passengers all over Europe in a couple of days."

The coach tour business divides roughly into two classes: the luxury and the popular. In the luxury group are firms like Southdown, which offers separate single seats for spinsters; Redline, which ran a thirty-day tour of Europe last season costing 175 guineas; and Motorways, which takes its clients as far afield as the North African coast.

A score of firms compete with Global in offering popular economic tours. They include the East Kent Road Car Company; the coaching subsidiary of Thomas Cook's, which plans a fifteen-day Iron Curtain tour for this forthcoming season; Barton's, of Nottingham, and Smith's, of Wigan, which serve the Midlands and North.

This year, Shuman's Global Tours seems likely to face a major battle with two of its closest rivals, Blue Cars and Sheffield United Tours. These firms have introduced air services to transport passengers more quickly to and from the touring grounds. Blue Cars have found the experiment so successful that this year most of its tours will begin and end in the air. For Global Tours, Shuman regards the wholesale switch to air ferrying as premature.

Last year, a hundred Global coaches in five fleets covered a million miles on the Continent. Every night for six months, Shuman had three thousand holidaymakers staying at more than seventy hotels.

The growth of his business bewilders Shuman. Though the firm advertises extensively, Shuman says that, like most Continental touring organizations, it does not need to.

"With the great drift to Continental holidays, the business just pours in," he says. "All that is required is for one family per street to go on a Continental coach tour; then the rest of the street follows suit. The business has grown largely on the habit of 'keeping up with the Joneses.'"

Shuman maintains a close personal control, planning and arranging the tours himself. The firm operates about twenty-four tours, and reorganizes a third of them every season. Shuman has found that nearly half of his customers will come back the next year, if he offers them something new.

He starts to plan a forthcoming season's attractions as the previous programme ends. By August and September, he can deduce from profit-and-loss accounts which areas have grown or diminished in popularity.

He plots a new tour through perhaps five main centres, such as Brussels, Hanover, Elsinore, Bremen and Amsterdam. Between these points, he tries to find a route which combines a good road, attractive scenery, and conveniently sized and situated hotels, restaurants and "comfort" stops.

After travelling a quarter of a million miles on the Continent in ten years, Shuman knows most of the important hotels and main roads. He can plan half a new tour without leaving his desk, but there comes a point when the hotels and roads known to him do not fit the route he has chosen. "I have to go out and find them," he says.

Shuman prefers to send his customers along the Continent's byways rather than the highways. Finding them in wintry conditions calls for a sanguine temperament and good judgment. He routed one new tour over the Puigcerda Pass in the Pyrenees, and had to inspect and approve the road when snow and ice made it officially impassable. "My companion on that ride had his door open most of the way, ready to leap out if we left the road. There was a drop of a thousand feet in places."

In Germany late one November afternoon, Shuman found a derailed train blocking the road. Police described an elaborate detour, but he lost it in the darkness.

He turned down a lane which deteriorated into a rough, boggy cart-track. As the mud threatened to trap the car, Shuman saw lights ahead coming from a clearing where a gang of men felled trees by floodlight.

Shuman, who speaks German, explained his dilemma and one of the woodmen offered to direct him back to the road. "We have to go along the edge of a swamp," the man said. "The dark green grass is the swamp, the light green is dry land."

Shuman reached the main road at four in the morning. He had used the car's clutch so heavily that he had to replace it a few days later.

In the past nine years, Shuman has learned to distrust Continental road classifications. Too often he has found even D-class roads superior to the so-called main roads. He names as examples the main and secondary roads linking Verdun and Nancy, Bremen and Arnhem, Valence and Paris. In Spain, one section of a main road proved to be a stairway of long shallow steps, which would have done Shuman's £8,000 coaches, and their passengers, no good at all.

"I think that it's vitally important for me to cover every mile of a tour myself," says Shuman. One operator, who did not do this, sent up the Simplon Pass in Switzerland a coach too wide to get through the tunnel. The driver had to back a considerable distance before he could turn round.

Between the main centres, which provide the basis of his tours, Shuman likes to find little-known, picturesque hotels. He tests a new hotel either by staying a night incognito—"too many hoteliers know my name"—or by questioning the local inhabitants. He finds that Continental hoteliers are generally eager to accommodate the coach tourist trade because a contract ensures a long season of five or six months with steady custom. In Spain, one hotel owner brought his plumbing up to British standards to satisfy Shuman.

For the economic stability of his business, Shuman has an intelligence service to supply him with the latest information about cost-of-living and currency changes. On January 29, 1952, he sat in a stuffy café in Calais listening to the B.B.C. news broadcast which reported a cut in the holiday allowance from £50 to £25. Shuman, anticipating the cut, had crossed the Channel in readiness. That night he set out on a four-weeks' dash through Spain, France, Switzerland, Germany and Austria, replanning the tours and persuading hoteliers to trim their prices. He had to cancel only two tours.

In the holiday season, Shuman maintains his personal control over the business by making surprise visits to his hotels, and by adopting the name Shannon and becoming a coach guide himself. "Mr. Shannon really gets to know what the customers want."

He says that after ten years in the coach tour business he is practically imperturbable.

One night, he arrived to inspect an Italian hotel. It stood in darkness, closed for the winter. Not even a caretaker answered the door. Shuman tried the latch, found the door open and went in.

He searched the building from top floor to basement. There was no sign of life. But in the basement stood a chopping block and on it lay an axe, covered in blood. That is one hotel Shuman will never book. THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 37

AN Act of 1847 says that anyone who annoys or endangers people by dropping dirt on the street is liable to a penalty. So, says a barrister-at-law, the motorist whose car is dropping mud could be prosecuted. A motorist was fined 10s. in Yorkshire two years ago under a local by-law which had been framed to bring the old statute up to date.

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In The Economic Blizzard	Didn't Think
Home's Magic	Exploded
It's A Struggle, But	They Landed On Mars And
Dream Of Youth	Agonizing Suspense
In Real Life	Dad, The Optimist
Over Our Heads	All Colours
That Octopus, Officialdom	Mauled And Mangled
Spells Danger	With A Shovel
If I Had A Thousand	Busy Day In Sleepytown

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

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.....To Remember	The First .....
Giant Among	Tired Of....., So

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries 6d. per *Bullet*. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 28, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,021 result.)

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